

EDITION DE LUXE

No. 785.

DEC. 13, 1884

THE  
**GRAPHIC.**  
AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



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\*LONDON\*

PRICE NINEPENCE





# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

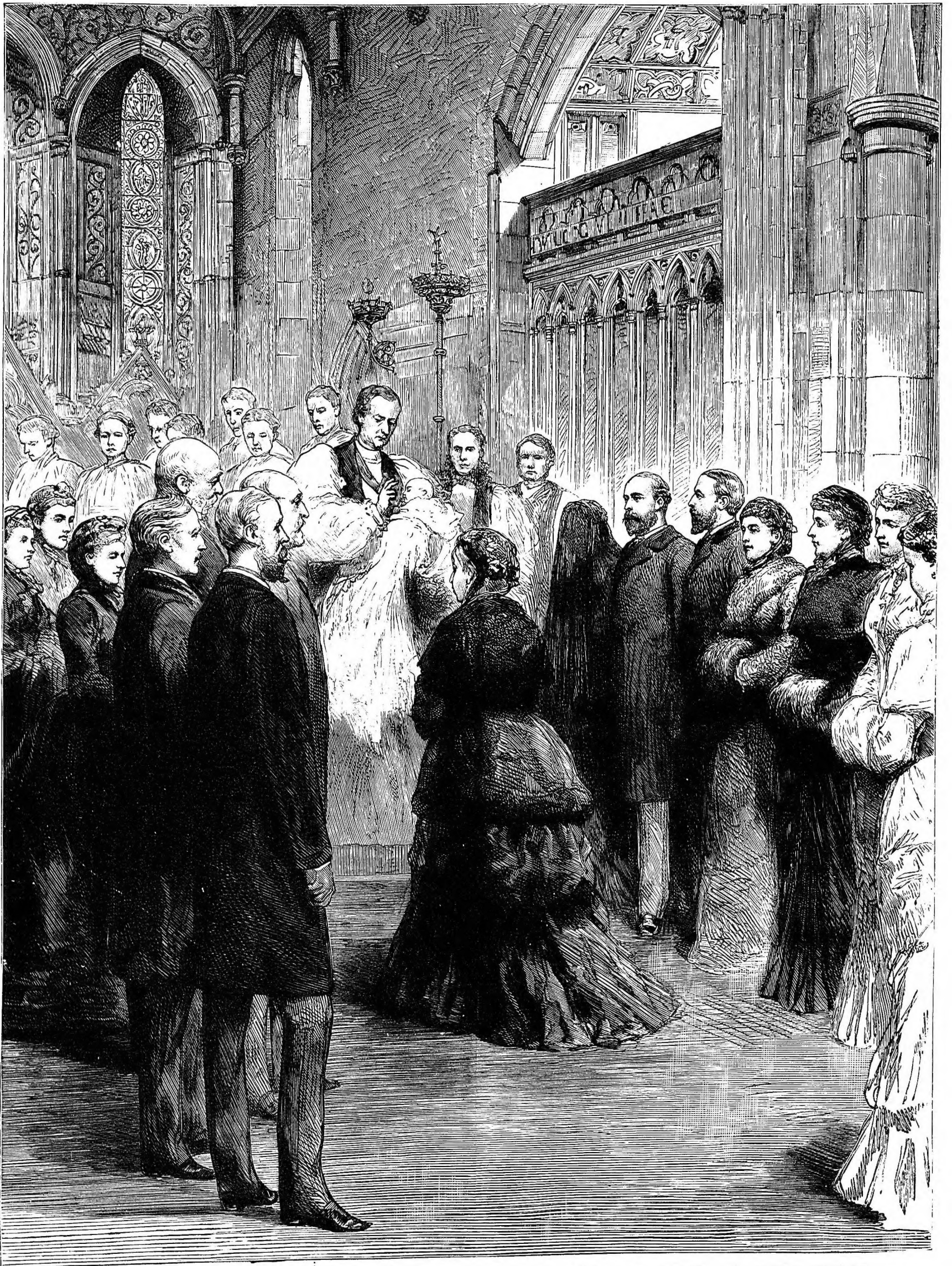
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1884

WITH EXTRA  
SUPPLEMENT

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THE QUEEN AT THE PUBLIC CHRISTENING OF THE INFANT DUKE OF ALBANY IN ESHER CHURCH



## Triples of the Week

**REDISTRIBUTION.**—Very little has been said about the Redistribution Bill since it was discussed in the House of Commons, and the chances seem to be that it will not meet with much serious resistance. Most people are rather tired of the subject; and, besides, there is a general impression that the scheme is as good as any that has ever been brought within the range of "practical politics." Mr. Courtney, indeed, brought forward a formidable array of objections; but his own plan has been very unfavourably received. He expounded it with enthusiasm, and contended that it was remarkable for its simplicity. Yet Mr. Gladstone did not understand it, and it was equally unintelligible to the majority of the House of Commons. A proposal which is thought by the Prime Minister and by many members of Parliament to be obscure is not likely to commend itself to the judgment of "the masses." After all, the principle of proportional representation is not absolutely ignored in the new Bill; and ordinary voters will congratulate themselves that they are not to be perplexed by arithmetical puzzles. As for the argument that single-member constituencies may lower the character of Parliament, the common opinion appears to be that "there is nothing in it." Central associations in large towns will have less power than they possess now; and that will certainly not tend to degrade political life. A seat in the House of Commons will always be a prize worth fighting for; and as long as eminent men choose to contend for it, a fair proportion of them are pretty sure to be elected. A far more objectionable part of the Bill is that which provides for the continued existence of certain two-member constituencies. There is no really good reason why this anomaly should be tolerated, and we may hope that it will be removed. If the principle of single-member constituencies is sound, it ought to be applied everywhere; and it is not very easy to understand why this was not as obvious to the framers of the measure as it is to other people.

**TWO INDIAN VICEROYS.**—In the good old days, if an Indian Governor-General pleased the potentates in Leadenhall Street without offending the big-wigs in Downing Street, and at the same time made himself popular with the Anglo-Indian community, he was considered to have done as much as a man need do. People did not then trouble themselves about the sentiments of the dusky millions. But since the revolution in Anglo-Indian affairs, which was set in motion by the tremendous events of 1857, "the dusky millions" have been gradually coming to the front. Hence a phenomenon which would mightily have surprised the officials of John Company's era. A Viceroy has just quitted office who, for the first time in the history of Indian Proconsuls, has managed to kindle a genuine enthusiasm in native breasts, and has also been regarded with suspicion and dislike by his own countrymen. Lord Ripon's progress from Simla to Calcutta has been a real triumph, explain it how we please. If it was due to agitation, the agitators must possess a powerful and elaborate organisation. But if it was spontaneous, then it shows that Lord Ripon has done something to touch the usually unimpressionable native heart. From what we have said thus far, it might be supposed that we were painting the portrait of a model Viceroy. But, unfortunately, Lord Ripon pleased the natives at the expense of displeasing the Europeans, and it is to be feared that many of the demonstrators were not so much desirous of gratifying the departing Viceroy as of annoying the Europeans. Lord Ripon's administration will be chiefly remembered by the introduction of the abortive Ilbert Bill. It delighted the natives, because it asserted their practical equality with the white man. But for the same reason it angered the Europeans, who, while admitting that the natives should be impartially treated, demur to entrusting their own lives and liberties to Oriental ideas of justice. Lord Dufferin brings with him an excellent "record" both from Canada and Constantinople, but he will need all his mettle for the satisfactory management of Indian affairs. The sting left by the Ilbert Bill still rankles; discontent is rife; there are the semi-independent Native States and their armies; there is Russia hovering on the Northern borders; and there is France on the Eastern. It is, at all events, not a time for rash experiments.

**CANNIBALISM.**—There would be no need to comment again on the case of Dudley and Stephens were it not that so many wrong-headed people have been shrieking sympathy for these wretched men. Both unfortunates have come to talk with pious complacency of kind friends who shake hands with them in the streets, or bow to them, or send them letters of sympathy, till it grows evident that their self-compassion has obliterated all sense of the abominable thing which they did. Taking the most lenient view of their crime, they must be compared to soldiers who have run away from the field of battle. They saved their lives by an act of cowardice more contemptible than that of a soldier who flies from the cannon's mouth, for they butchered a poor defenceless boy—not a stranger, but their companion in misfortune. Their temptation may have been great, but the temptation to avoid death always is so, and it is because we know how strong is

the instinct of self-preservation which Nature has planted in man, that we admire the courage which makes men prefer death to disgrace. Society has done quite enough for Dudley and Stephens when it leaves them unpunished for their offence, but sympathy is more than they can claim. Banishment would, in fact, have been the proper penalty for them. It is not to be desired that they should live among us as objects of opprobrium, but it cannot be good either that they should go about pitying themselves, and retailing excuses for their murder. It would be better that they should leave the country, and be forgotten.

**MR. TREVELYAN AT BRIGHTON.**—In his speech at Brighton the other day, Mr. Trevelyan presented a glowing picture of the advantages which England may expect to derive from the triumph of the Democratic principle. And much of what he said is, no doubt, true. The country has benefited by every step that has hitherto been taken in this direction, and there is not the slightest reason to doubt that it will also benefit by the enfranchisement of agricultural labourers and miners. Mr. Trevelyan, however, seems to be of opinion that the Democracy, unlike the Aristocracy and the middle classes, will be incapable of committing serious mistakes. At any rate, he had nothing to say at Brighton about our future legislation except that it will be "thorough, temperate, and just." He does not deny that the Democracy in other countries has sometimes gone wrong; but his answer to this objection is that "we are not Frenchmen, nor Athenians, nor Americans; we are Englishmen, and the more Englishmen you admit into the pale of the Constitution the more English it will be." That is a very patriotic declaration, and it is not surprising that it was greeted with "cheers." But, after all, is it quite certain that we are so very superior to the rest of mankind? The truth is, of course, that John Bull, like other people, has the defects of his good qualities; and it is in the highest degree probable that these defects will influence his legislation in the future as they have influenced it in the past. Mr. Trevelyan is as sanguine about our foreign policy under the rule of the Democracy as he is about the management of domestic affairs. He holds that if the men of Manchester and Leeds had possessed votes in the eighteenth century, we should not have "fought by land and sea for eight years in order to subjugate the colonists of North America who had been alienated by our misgovernment." There are not many students of history who will agree with this view. Everybody now thinks that the war with the American Colonies was a mistake; yet there is plenty of evidence that at the time the opinions of George III. on the subject were those of the vast majority of the English people. But even if Mr. Trevelyan's judgment in the matter were sound, it would hardly prove that now at last we are about to enter upon an era in which our neighbours and rivals will never have any just cause to complain of our conduct. Mr. Trevelyan severely condemned politicians who flatter the meetings they address. His speech at Brighton shows that the temptation is one against which he himself ought to be on his guard.

**FRANCE, CHINA, AND MADAGASCAR.**—Lord Granville's attempted mediation between France and China has failed, and once more the two countries are virtually at war. If any Frenchmen fancy that this country is delighted at this rupture, and that the mediation on our part was all along a transparent sham, we can only say that such Frenchmen are grievously mistaken. We have everything to lose by a continuance of hostilities. Our trade is certain to be crippled; our merchants at the Treaty ports are in danger of being massacred; and, if the war goes on for long, we shall probably find ourselves, against our will, compelled to join in the fray. We should be sorry to take up arms against China, who is much more profitable as a friend than as an enemy; while war with France, after a peace of seventy years, and a commercial and social intercourse which is daily becoming more frequent, would be a terrible calamity. Yet it is just because such breakers ahead are visible to the foreseeing eye, that we implore sensible Frenchmen not to be misled by such mischievous utterances as those of M. Paul Bert at Lyons. Unless M. Bert is misreported, he puts the cart before the horse in the strangest fashion. He says:—"Colonial extension must be persevered in, otherwise the navy and the mercantile marine will be useless." England, who has not been an unsuccessful coloniser, has always reversed this dictum. She has first founded colonies, and then, as they gradually grew, has brought vessels of war to protect them, and merchant ships to trade with them. Hitherto the trade which France has developed in Tonquin and Cochin China is miserably small, notwithstanding the fostering aid of protective barriers. Both there and in Madagascar, where there is an intelligent and industrious population, France would do far more to extend her permanent influence by peaceful commercial settlements than by expensive and inglorious attempts at conquest.

**PENNY DINNERS.**—Mr. Mundella's remarks at the meeting of School Board managers and teachers the other day ran counter to the whole purpose for which that meeting had been summoned. The question was how to provide Penny Dinners on a self-supporting basis; but Mr. Mundella talked about free dinners for children who could not pay—said it was the duty of the rich to feed the poor, and other fine things which were quite beside the question. The worst-fed children in schools are not those of parents who belong to

the pauper class, but those of people who, from intemperance, improvidence, or mismanagement do not know how to make the two ends meet. With a fraction of the money which these persons muddle away every week there would often be enough to secure regular, wholesome meals daily for two or three children; and this is the principle on which the promoters of Penny Dinners have started. If they can persuade the improvident poor to pay out a sum weekly for the proper nourishment of their children, they will have done an excellent thing; but if they open kitchens for the distribution of free dinners at the expense of the ratepayers, or at the charge of benevolent donors, they will merely add to the number of those miserable families who live altogether on charity. It is more urgent to inculcate self-reliance upon the poor than to contrive means by which they can be fed or clothed without paying—that is, without work. Where cases of utter destitution exist, charity must of course come to the rescue; but there are institutions enough to relieve all genuine cases of this description, if money be not wasted on people who are beggars by profession rather than from necessity. When Mr. Mundella declares that "there is no such misery and squalor in Europe as is to be met with in London," he should be careful to add that there is no city which spends so much as London in pauperising the lower classes. Does he suppose that Parisians paying a rental of 40*l.* would consent to be rated at 6*l.* yearly for the poor like residents in St. Pancras? Does he imagine that anywhere but in England a tramp may go the whole round of the country, sleeping every night in a different Union, getting a breakfast and supper gratis, and begging for drink-money by day, without ever being asked a question as to his means of livelihood? The country does far too much already for the poor who will not help themselves; the Penny Dinners have been founded to assist those who are not cadging paupers, and who may be kept from becoming so.

**DIFFICULTIES IN EGYPT.**—A new cause of perplexity has been added to our difficulties in Egypt, the Court of First Instance at Cairo having decided in favour of the Caisse de la Dette Publique in the action brought by it against the Egyptian Government. There can be no doubt that this judgment will be upheld by the Alexandria Court of Appeal. Indeed, it was never disputed that the step taken in obedience to Lord Northbrook's orders was contrary to the letter of the law. It was defended simply on the ground that a certain sum was urgently needed, and that the money could not be otherwise obtained. One consequence of the judgment of the Court is that some local officials in Egypt have become more independent than ever. When they receive instructions from their superiors, they profess (not without reason) that it is necessary for them to examine whether those instructions are in conformity with the Law of Liquidation; and so a splendid opportunity is provided for the postponement of troublesome duties. This obstacle to good government can be removed only by the settlement of the general financial difficulty—a settlement which would enable the Egyptian Government to pay back to the Caisse the money which the Court has ordered to be refunded. Unfortunately it does not seem probable that a settlement will be arrived at soon. The English proposals are now being considered by M. Ferry, and he is apparently in no hurry to form a definite opinion about them. Many Frenchmen still think that he ought not to accept any arrangement which would even temporarily put the bondholders to inconvenience; but it may be hoped that he will not allow himself to be guided by their prejudices. He must know that if the present plan is rejected England will have no alternative but to pursue a policy which must in the end increase her power in the Delta; and that is a consummation to which, as a good Frenchman, he cannot but look forward with dread. After all, England asks that only slight sacrifices should be made by the creditors of Egypt, and it is universally admitted that if order were restored the country would soon be in a position to pay its way.

**STORM WARNINGS FROM THE ATLANTIC.**—The daily forecasts of the weather published by the Meteorological Office are not very successful. They seem, according to our experience, as often wrong as right. This partial failure is in some measure due to a fact to which we have referred on former occasions. As bad weather comes almost invariably from the westward, we are far worse off than, let us say, the New York "weather-sharps," who have to their westward some three thousand miles of land studded with signal-stations; while to our west, behind Ireland, lies nothing but the Atlantic Ocean. "But," said some clever person, "are there no signal-stations on the Atlantic?" Yes, there are—that is to say, the numerous steamers plying between Europe and North America. If these steamers were to report, as soon as they arrived at their American destination, when and where they met with storms (if any) during their outward passage, this news could be telegraphed to Europe in time to anticipate the disturbance in question. "But is this possible?" some one may ask. "Surely a furious storm, met by a steamer in mid-passage, would reach Europe before the steamer, even were she the 'Greyhound' of the Atlantic," could enter an American harbour." Strange, however, as it may seem, the steamer can beat the storm. People are misled by thinking of the speed of the wind when it blows hard. During a hurricane the air may be hurried along at the rate of over seventy miles an hour. But the swiftness of the wind is not the swiftness of the storm itself.



The storm is like a great ball spinning swiftly on its axis, but persistently advancing with comparative slowness in an easterly direction. Its average speed is reckoned to be about twenty miles an hour, and therefore a steamer passing through such a storm when half-way or more across the Atlantic, may reasonably hope to get into New York in time to telegraph the storm before it bursts on the shores of Europe. Arrangements have now been made between the United States Signal Service, the British Meteorological Council, and the Atlantic steamship owners to utilise this information, and there is fair reason to hope that the knowledge thus acquired will increase the percentage of successful forecasting.

**THE FRENCH ACADEMY.**—It used to be said that the French Academy was anything but a literary Senate, and M. Arsène Houssaye once wrote a very cutting book, giving the biographies of forty eminent authors who ought to have belonged to the Academy, but never enjoyed that honour. It would be difficult to-day to name so many as half-a-dozen French writers of distinction who do not wear the coat with green palms, and the election of M. Ludovic Halévy, the other day, is surely significant of the decadence of literature among our neighbours. M. Halévy, in partnership with M. Meilhac, furnished the libretti to most of Offenbach's operettas. He has written one or two third-rate novels of the most objectionable kind; he is a writer of frivolities, having no claims whatever to rank as a representative French *littérateur*. The school to which he belongs was already over-represented in the Academy by Alexandre Dumas, Sardou, and Labiche. To think of his sitting in an Academy where Pascal, Molière, La Rochefoucauld, Scarron, J. J. Rousseau, Béranger, and Balzac never sat, and which neither Alexandre Dumas the Elder, nor Eugène Sue, nor Charles de Bernard, nor Théophile Gautier could ever enter, makes one feel that France must now be very badly off indeed for good writers. It is not as though M. Halévy's election had been due to favouritism, and had kept out a worthier man. M. Alphonse Daudet would not come forward; M. Emile Zola is for the present ineligible because the Academy admits that it must draw the line somewhere. M. Clarétie will be elected in due time; but when he has been seated who will remain to fill the next vacant chairs? *Triste, triste*, that one should have to put such a question.

**"GIN AND RUM IN CASKS."**—Trade on the Congo will henceforth be as free as trade on the Niger, and the fact has given much satisfaction in England and elsewhere. Ought it to please the natives as well as it pleases the commercial classes of civilised countries? This may be doubted, for it seems probable that "gin and rum in casks" will figure prominently among the commodities which they are now for the first time to have an opportunity of purchasing. The Germans have a burning desire to establish commercial relations with these remote regions, and Herr Flegel, an explorer and African merchant, informs them that spirituous liquors are the articles which will decidedly be most in demand among the new customers. Accordingly the demand is about to be met by a corresponding supply. It will not do for Englishmen to lecture Germans or the traders of any other country for showing deference of this kind to "the laws of political economy," for it is to be feared that, so far as the sale of liquid fire is concerned, our own reputation is anything but spotless. In an excellent letter to the *Times* the other day Mr. Cust asserted that in the Niger basin "rum and gin are the currency in which wages for labour are paid;" and he added that "the present state of affairs baffles all description." England claims to be the supreme authority in the Niger basin; so that she must be considered in some measure responsible for this hideous traffic. It will be scandalous if the West African Conference disperses without dealing in earnest with so important a question. The Powers, it is said, are to express a "wish" that each of them may as far as possible restrain the importation of spirits; but in such matters wishes are, of course, of no avail. The evil can be held in check only by means of Excise and Customs' duties, and a stringent licensing system.

**MISTAKEN IDENTITY.**—Few people probably look so carefully at the strangers whom they meet in public places as to recognise them again; unless, indeed, the said strangers are very beautiful or very remarkable. Some persons—without the excuse of dim-sightedness—are singularly deficient in this power of observation; they fail to recognise even their own intimate friends, ladies especially, who certainly look puzzlingly different indoors and out-of-doors. We have heard of an absent-minded Governor-General of Canada who was always shaking hands with his band-master, under the belief that he was a friend whose face seemed familiar. People should, we think, cultivate the habit of more accurately observing other people's personal appearance. It would lessen the number of those cases of mistaken identity which are so unpleasant to the parties identified, and which may any day be our own fate. Where, for instance, might you suppose yourself safer than in a Police Court, under the very regis of Justice? It is here that young men destined for the Indian Civil Service are sent, that they may learn, after watching the British "beak," how to administer the law in the scorching East. It is here that the candidates for the Police Force come to note how experienced members of the "Blues" give their evidence, and

how they behave generally. One of these poor fellows, however, got into a sad scrape the other day. A certain alleged captain in the army, who had been bailed on a charge of being drunk and disorderly, and refusing to pay a cab fare, failed to appear when called upon to answer the charge before the magistrate. The prosecutors, however, spied out the embryo policeman aforesaid sitting in Court, and declared that he was the culprit. It might have gone hard with him, but that he was able to produce evidence that at the time alleged he was being drilled at the Wellington Barracks. Since then the actual offender has been discovered and punished. Not all persons, however, who are mistaken for evil-doers escape so readily. Therefore, we say, cultivate the habit of accurate scrutiny, and make very sure before you swear away a man's character.

**INNS OF CHANCERY.**—The Local Government Board will have public support in resisting the proposed sale of Clement's, Barnard's, and Staple Inns. From their historical and other associations, these places are of great interest. Staple Inn especially forms a little oasis in the wilderness of brick between Fleet Street and Holborn, and it ought not to be destroyed. There is something mean in the conduct of the Honourable Societies who have inherited the custody of these Inns, and who now want to part with them for money, availing themselves of some fancied legal right. If that right exists—which should not be admitted without searching trial—there can be no moral right, none which a Court of Honour would allow. The founders of these Inns intended them to last in perpetuity; the Ancients or Benchers who managed them from generation to generation throughout centuries, accepting endowments for them, and often bequeathing large sums to them, also thought the Inns would last for ever; and the Ancients of to-day, when they first joined the Inns, can have had no idea that they were entitling themselves to a saleable share of valuable property. They have, therefore, no vested interests except as trust tenants for life, and their trust deeds should be very closely looked into. Perhaps some loosely-drawn deed might legally justify the Lord Mayor and Aldermen in selling all the Corporation plate and jewels, if they had a mind to it, but there would be no two opinions in the public mind about the honesty of such a proceeding. When a material trust has its *raison d'être* in a moral trust, the latter must be considered as regulating the extent of obligations. This is equity if not common law, and it must be remembered that the Inn Societies have, at different times, received privileges and immunities from the Crown, from the City, and from extra civic parishes, which give the public at least as good a right as the Ancients to a share of proprietorship in the Inns. Parliament, which dealt in so high-handed a fashion with Irish landlords, ought not to be backward in stopping the gentlemen who now want to divide public property among themselves. A short Act forbidding the sale of the Inns, and appointing a Committee to revise the Inns' Statutes, reform the governing bodies, and apply the Inn revenues to useful purposes in connection with the legal profession—this would be practical step easier and cheaper than litigation.

**NOTICE.**—With this Number is issued an EXTRA DOUBLE-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "DR. JOHNSON AND BOSWELL IN FLEET STREET."

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Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge.  
Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c.  
Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available for eight days.  
Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Tickets, at Cheap Rates.  
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Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations.  
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**BRIGHTON EVERY WEEKDAY.**—A First Class Cheap Train from Victoria, 10.6 a.m. Day Return Tickets, 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car available to return by the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Express Train, or by any later train.

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**BRIGHTON.—THE GRAND AQUARIUM.**—Every SATURDAY, Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria at 10.40 and 11.40 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from London Bridge at 9.50 a.m. and 12.5 p.m., calling at East Croydon.  
Day Return Fare—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion.

**PARIS.**—Shortest, Cheapest Route Via NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.  
Cheap Express Service Weekdays and Sundays.  
From Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m.  
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Powerful Paddle Steamers with excellent Cabins, &c.  
Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.  
SOUTH OF FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND, &c.  
Tourists' Tickets are issued enabling the holder to visit All the principal places of interest.

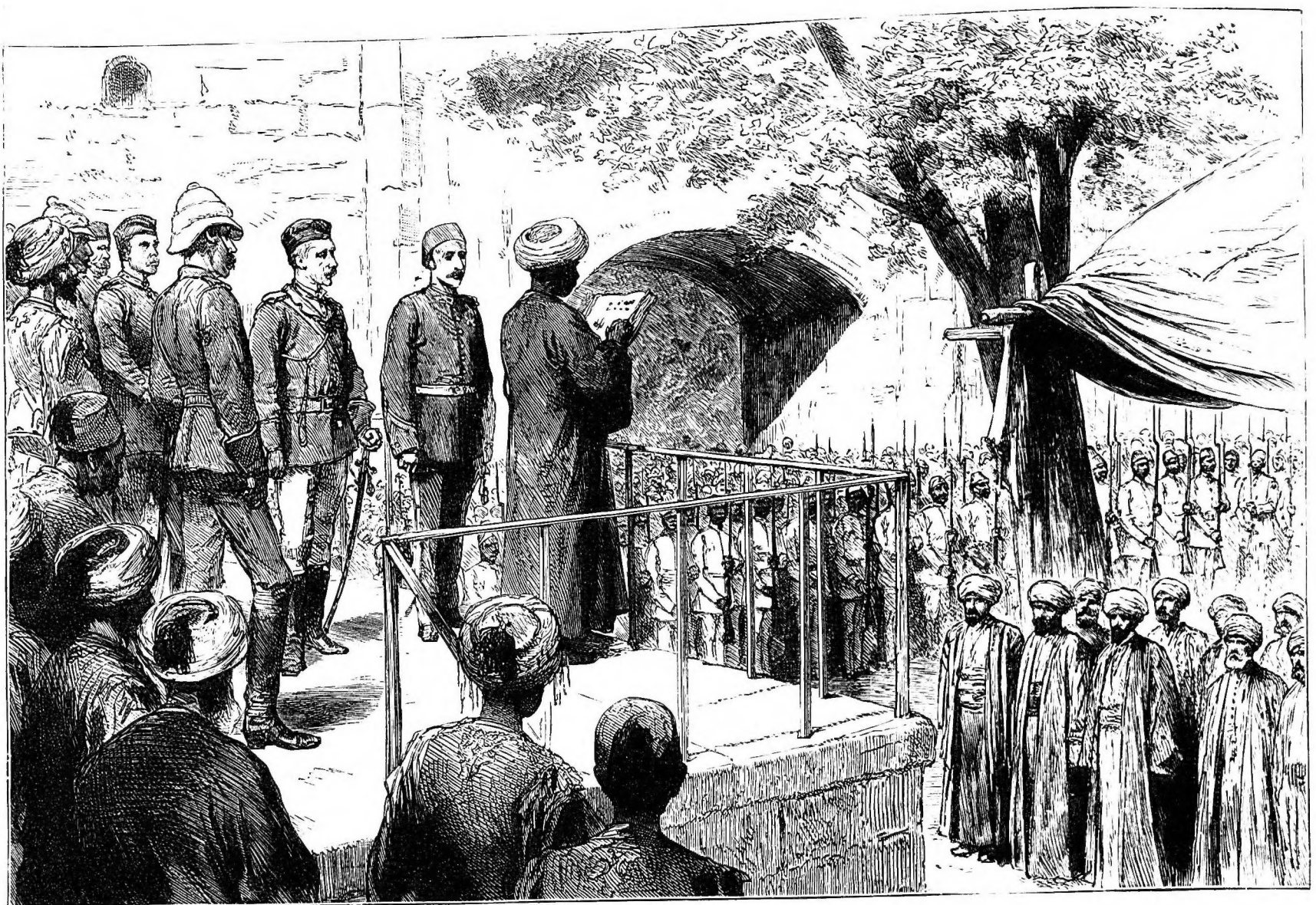
**TICKETS** and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; City Offices, Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate Circus, also at Victoria and London Bridge Stations.  
(By Order.) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

**CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.**  
LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY.—ROYAL MAIL ROUTE.

The Express Trains of the London and North Western Railway afford the most expeditious means of reaching the principal Towns in the North of England, the Midland Manufacturing Districts, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, including Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Chester, Dublin, Shrewsbury, Leamington, Wolverhampton, Preston, Carlisle, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness, &c. A fast and frequent service of trains is run from London (Euston) to Birmingham (New Street) under 3 hours; London (Euston) to Manchester (London Road) under 4½ hours; London (Euston) to Liverpool (Lime Street) in 4½ hours. 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class by all trains.

**WEST COAST ROUTE TO AND FROM SCOTLAND.**  
Direct Trains to and from London (Euston), Birmingham (New Street), Liverpool (Lime Street), Manchester (Vic.), &c., and Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Perth, Aberdeen, Inverness, and the North.  
PARCELS.—Special arrangements have been made for the quick transit and prompt delivery of Parcels and Christmas Presents, and THROUGH VANS will be run between London and all principal places by EXPRESS TRAINS for the accommodation of this traffic. Parcels should be addressed "Per L. and N.W. Ry."  
Single Horse Omnibuses sent on application to Hotels or Private Residences for the conveyance to Euston Station of intending travellers.  
Charges:—For distances under 6 Mile, One Shilling per Mile. Minimum, Three Shillings. For distances over 6 Miles, or when Two Horses are used at the request of a Passenger, One Shilling and Sixpence per Mile.  
Euston Station, December, 1884. G. FINDLAY, General Manager.





LORD WOLSELEY HEARING PRAYER AT THE MUDIREH, DONGOLA  
From a Sketch by a Military Officer



LORD WOLSELEY INVESTING THE MUDIR OF DONGOLA WITH THE ORDER OF K.C.M.G.  
From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. F. Villiers



THE HOLBERG BI-CENTENARY

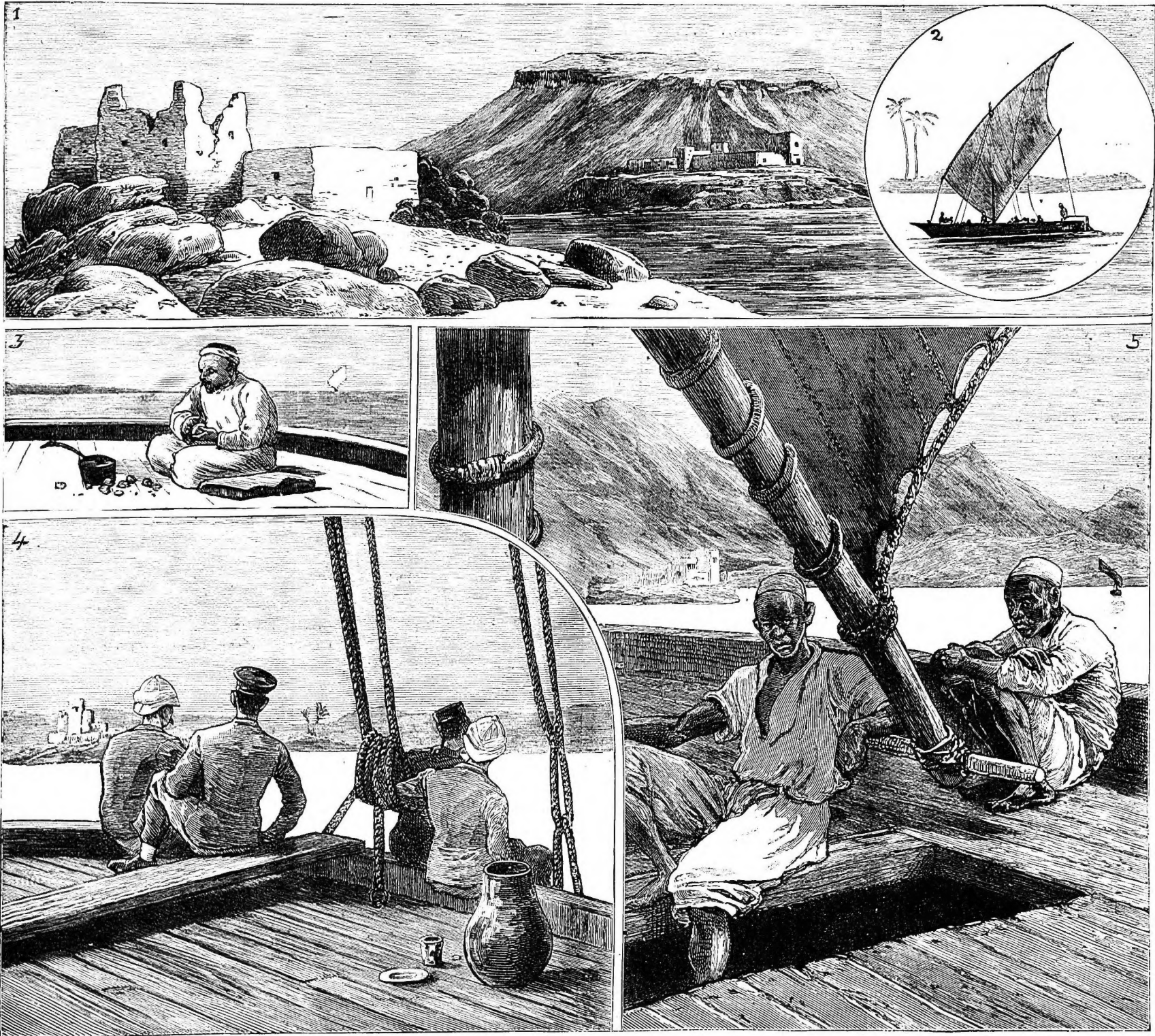
DENMARK is celebrating the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of her national poet and dramatist, Ludvig Holberg. This celebrated writer was born at Bergen (then under Danish rule) on December 3rd, 1684. His father was an officer, having risen from the ranks to a colonelcy, and died when Ludvig, his youngest son, was but three years old. Young Ludvig showed little disposition for the arts of war, but developed a great love for literature of all kinds, and for foreign travel. He visited England, and resided at Oxford for two years, 1706 to 1708, and subsequently travelled through the chief Continental countries. On his return, there being then no University in Norway, he studied for his theological degree at Copenhagen, where he devoted himself to literature, and laid the foundation of his reputation by a comic poem, and national satire, entitled "Peder Paars." This was a mock heroic epic in the style of Butler's "Hudibras," and excited the indignation of several important personages of the day. These petitioned the King to order the book to be burnt by the common hangman, but on His Majesty perusing the work he was so highly amused that he declared that the only harm which could result from its publication was that it might kill some citizen with laughter. In this book, as in his succeeding works, Holberg strove to expose and protest against the scholastic shams and social snobbery which existed in those days. In 1718 he was appointed Professor of Metaphysics in the University of Copenhagen, and four years later, when Frederick IV. created a national theatre, and sent for French actors to instruct their Danish compeers in declamation, Holberg began to devote serious attention to writing for the stage. His success was marvellous,



THE HOLBERG BI-CENTENARY IN DENMARK—BARON LUDWIG HOLBERG (DANISH POET AND DRAMATIST)  
Born 1684. Died 1754

and he quickly achieved both wealth and honour—the king raising him to noble rank by creating him a baron. Baron Holberg, however, did not confine his energies to the stage, as he wrote a history of Denmark and an "Ecclesiastical History," a "Universal History," and "Parallel Lives of Illustrious Men and Women." His works abound in wit, humour, and originality, and are no less favourite reading with his countrymen now than they were two centuries since. Indeed, in 1842 an association was formed in Copenhagen for the purpose of better editing his productions, and his birthday is now commemorated by a handsome *édition de luxe* of his plays now being published in Copenhagen by Jørgensen and Co., Copenhagen, admirably illustrated by Mr. Hans Tegner, who seems to have caught the characteristics of the various scenes and personages with great force and humour. Baron Holberg died on January 27th, 1754. He never married, and, not without semblance of reason, has been reproached as a woman-hater.—Our portrait is from an engraving by E. C. W. Eckersberg of a painting by A. Roslin.

FLORAL WEDDING DECORATIONS in the United States grow more fantastic every year. The marriage bell of white blossoms under which the bride and bridegroom usually stand to receive congratulations is considered old-fashioned, and the "newest thing" is an awning of white flowers on silver poles, held above the happy pair alternately by twelve fair maidens and their attendant groomsmen. The bridesmaids wear amber silk, and the young men velvet suits and white waistcoats,



1. Sherabin on the Nile.—2. Our Nuggar.—3. Preparing Dinner.—4. How We Saw the Nile.—5. Waiting to Shift the Sail.

ON BOARD A NUGGAR  
FROM SKETCHES BY A MILITARY OFFICER WITH THE NILE EXPEDITION





## PUBLIC CHRISTENING OF THE INFANT DUKE OF ALBANY

THE service for the reception into the Church of the infant Duke of Albany, who was baptised soon after his birth, was solemnised on the 4th inst. in Esher Church. The Queen was present, and stood sponsor for his Royal Highness. The other sponsors were the Prince of Wales, Princess Christian, Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), Princess Frederica of Hanover, and the Prince of Waldeck and Prince Bentheim, who were unavoidably prevented from coming. There were also present the Princess of Wales, Princess Beatrice, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Christian, the Marquis of Lorne, and Baron von Pawel Rammingen. The Ministers were represented by Sir William Harcourt, the Home Secretary. Sir John Cowell, Sir W. Jenner, Dr. Reid, and others attached to the Royal Household were present in the chancel.

Her Majesty, who wore an elegant black silk costume and black bonnet, relieved by a bunch of wild flowers, was accompanied from Claremont by Princess Beatrice, and attended by General Sir H. F. Ponsonby and Major General Du Plat. The Sovereign was followed by the Duchess of Albany in widow's weeds, and wearing a long black crape veil. In attendance on Her Royal Highness was the Hon. Mrs. Moreton, her Lady-in-Waiting. The nurse carried the infant Duke, who wore the robe and cloak of Honiton lace in which all Her Majesty's children, and all those of the sons of the Queen, have been christened. A knitted woollen shawl thrown over the christening robe served to protect the Royal infant from the weather. The officiating clergy were the Bishop of Winchester, the Dean of Windsor, and the Rector of Esher, with his curate, Mr. Letchworth.

The service began by the choir singing Dean Alford's hymn, "Saviour, Who Thy flock art feeding," to a tune by the Prince Consort. Then the Rector of Esher (the Rev. S. Warren) audibly stated that he had baptised the child at Claremont on the 4th August last. This statement having been certified by the Bishop of Winchester, he proceeded to read the lessons and prayers, and next asked the name of the Duke, which was given as "Leopold Charles Edward George Albert." Then the infant was handed by the nurse to the Hon. Mrs. Moreton, who placed him in the arms of Her Majesty. She in her turn presented him to the Bishop of Winchester to receive and sign with the cross in accordance with the ritual of the Church of England. During the latter part of the ceremony a second hymn by Dean Alford, "In token that thou shalt not fear," was sung by the choir.

## THE NILE EXPEDITION

### LORD WOLSELEY AND THE MUDIR OF DONGOLA

ONE of the first acts of Lord Wolseley on arriving at Dongola was to reward the Mudir for his services to the British Government by investing him with the insignia of a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. The ceremony took place at the Mudirah, on November 4th. The square courtyard was filled with native troops, and Lord Wolseley and his staff were met by the Mudir on the verandah. After the usual salutations and greetings had been exchanged the Mudir called upon an Imam to offer up prayers—an incident represented in one of our illustrations from a sketch by Colonel the Hon. J. Colborne. The prayer over, Lord Wolseley invested the Mudir with the insignia—the proclamation being read to the assembled crowd by the Imam, and the Mudir himself made a little speech, modestly expressing his opinion that the honour conferred upon him was too exalted and unmerited, and promising that he would render all possible assistance to the Expedition. This last sketch is by our special artist, Mr. Frederick Villiers. Behind Lord Wolseley stands the Sultan of Darfour and Colonel H. Stewart. By the Mudir's side is Colonel Zourah Bey, Aide-de-Camp to the Khédive.

### LIFE ON BOARD A NUGGAR

FROM Wady Halfa to Dongola—a distance of some 230 miles—the River Nile just now presents an unprecedentedly busy appearance. "The Nile Picnic," writes the officer who has forwarded these sketches—"is by no means such plain sailing as some people imagine, and the river between Halfa and Dongola may be said to be one huge rapid, offering obstacles at nearly every mile in the shape of cataracts, rapids, sunken rocks, and eddies, which tax all the energies of the crew and the soldiers to overcome. Now poling away from a sunken rock, now up to his knees in mud shoving his nuggar off a sandbank, or again toiling at the end of a tow-rope on a rocky bank under a hot sun, Tommy Atkins finds many new experiences, and learns to shift for himself far more quickly in a week on the banks of the Nile than he would in a twelvemonth in the barrack square. The scenery throughout this part of the Nile is most picturesque—a succession of mud villages and forts, rocky points, green banks, and swirling rapids. Perhaps the prettiest part of the river is near the rapids of Dal and Akasheh. Near Dal a curiously-shaped hill raises its conical head as a landmark to the neighbourhood, and this rapid abounds in small islands, on some of which mud forts and houses are most picturesquely grouped. At Sherabin two half-ruined mud forts seem to guard the river, which here is particularly narrow. Life on a nuggar is a healthy and appetising existence, and from daybreak to set of sun, when our black cook, an excellent artiste, prepared our humble dinner, presented novel incidents and scenes. Although clumsily built, the nuggar is a good boat for Nile navigation, and will sail a rapid and bump a rock without sustaining the least apparent damage. The sail is a large oblong collection of patches, and is always placed so as to beat against the mast. It is changed from side to side of the boat by rolling and unrolling it in a very clumsy manner, but with a good wind right aft it sends the awkward-looking craft swiftly through the water, even against the powerful current."

### SOME OFFICERS OF LORD WOLSELEY'S STAFF

THIS portrait group represents some of the leading officers now serving with Lord Wolseley in the Nile Expedition. Many of the names are well known in connection with our recent little wars in India and in Africa. Four officers belong to Lord Wolseley's personal staff, viz., Captain Lord Charles Beresford, R.N., whose plucky conduct as commander of the *Cinder* during the bombardment of Alexandria gained for him such renown, Major J. M. Wardrop, 3rd Dragoon Guards, Lieutenant E. S. E. Childers, R.E., and Lieutenant T. J. R. Adye, R.A. Of the other officers Major-General Sir Redvers Buller, Chief of the Staff, is an old and tried officer, having served under his present Chief in most of his undertakings in the Red River Expedition of 1870, in the Ashanti War of 1874, and in the first Egyptian Expedition, 1882, besides in such subsidiary affairs as the Caffre and Zulu Wars. Colonel Butler is another Red River and Ashanti officer, and also took part in the Egyptian campaign. He married, it may be remembered, Miss Elizabeth Thompson, the well-known painter. Colonel Sir C. W.

Wilson, R.E., is well experienced in the ways of Eastern nations, having served as Her Majesty's Commissioner for the Servian frontier in 1878, and as Consul-General in Anatolia during the following year. Colonel Henry Brackenbury, R.A. (whose portrait unfortunately reached us too late for publication), served in the Indian Mutiny and through the Ashanti campaign. In 1880 he was appointed private secretary to Lord Lytton when the latter was Viceroy of India, in the following year he was nominated military attaché at Paris, and in 1882 was Assistant Under Secretary for Ireland. Colonel Richard Harrison, another Mutiny officer, having been present at the Siege of Lucknow, served in the China War in 1860, and was present at the taking of the Taku Forts. He was Assistant-Quartermaster-General in the Transvaal during 1879, and commanded the troops in the Boer disturbances. In the war with Sekukuni and the Boer disturbances. Lieutenant-Egyptian campaign he was Assistant-Adjutant-General. Colonel Boscawen also served in the Egyptian campaign, and has lately been the Assistant Military Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief in Ireland.

### A SHAM FIGHT WITH CAMELS AT DONGOLA

EARLY on the morning of November the 5th a sham fight took place at Dongola between a detachment of the Camel Corps and a force of the Royal Sussex Regiment in order to test the steadiness of the camels in square. The "general idea" was as follows:—A force of 120 mounted (camel) infantry was marching on a desert route, and its scouts discovered the presence of a hostile force numbering over 1,000 men. The two forces opposed each other, and manœuvring the officer commanding the Camel Corps, feeling that the necessity of obtaining water prevented his making a definite retreat, resolved to make a determined stand against the attack of the enemy. About the same time the enemy found that his ammunition was expended, and determined to take advantage of his numerical superiority, and to charge home at any cost. Our sketch, by Col. the Hon. J. Colborne, shows the enemy charging upon the square which had been formed by the Camel Corps—two men deep, front rank kneeling—the camels lying down inside. The square appears to have sustained the charge successfully, the report of the umpires, General Stewart and Colonel Vandeleur, being essentially favourable to the Camel Corps—the camels showing great steadiness and exhibiting no alarm.

## THE HOLBERG BI-CENTENARY

See page 613.

## MEMORIAL TO THE LATE DUKE OF ALBANY

THE memorial to the late Duke of Albany, which has been subscribed for by the inhabitants of Esher, was unveiled on the evening of the 3rd inst. in the parish church, Esher, in the presence of a large gathering, by the Duchess of Albany. The memorial consists of an admirable bust of the late Duke in Carrara marble, the sculptor being Mr. F. T. Williamson. It stands in an alabaster niche executed from the design of Mr. Bloomfield. The deceased Prince is represented as wearing the uniform of a colonel of the Seaforth Highlanders, and beneath the bust is the following inscription, composed by Dr. Vaughan:—

"To Leopold, Duke of Albany, youngest son of Queen Victoria, who, with the chosen partner of his life, passed his closing years at Claremont in culminating honour, kindly labour, and thoughtful peace, his widow and neighbours inscribe this tablet in his parish church recording the reverent affection in which they held his presence and guard his memory. Born 7th April, 1853. Died at Cannes 28th March, 1884. Buried at Windsor."

A shortened form of service was used, the clergy present being the Bishop of Winchester, the Dean of Windsor, the Rector of Esher (Rev. S. A. Warren) and his curate (Rev. H. H. Letchworth), and the Rev. Harcourt Skrine, of Sunbury.

## ILLUSTRATIONS FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT'S "MARMION"

WE select a few of the engravings of this admirable illustrated edition of "Marmion," which is published in London by Messrs. Chatto and Windus; and in Boston, United States, by Messrs. J. R. Osgood and Co. This book, with its clear type, thick paper, and illustrations beautifully engraved, seems from beginning to end to have been supervised by the trained eye of an artist, and is an excellent specimen of the care of the American wood engraver, A. V. S. Anthony.

The American School, now so popular here, when analysed, means simply pluck, combined with knowledge, on the part of the publisher—pluck to spend his money freely on the best original designs and engravings he can get.

He turns his back on the temptation—too common, alas! in England—of getting a number of old electros, placing them in the hands of an Art critic to "write up to the cuts," and then with a flaunting cover (the only new thing about it), palming it off on the public as "a great original effort."

When will our publishers wake up? Surely some can recollect the lovely little illustrated works they published twenty years ago. There are a thousand persons now to a hundred then who can appreciate a good work of Art if they see it. If British publishers are too busy with their ledgers to study taste, why not have superintendents specially devoted to that department?

We have a score of clever artists here for one in America, yet an enterprising Transatlantic publisher will get a number of comparatively weak designs, and by means of elaborate engraving, high finish of paper and printing, and consummate taste generally, will achieve a paying result.

If we mistake not, Messrs. Ticknor and Fields (now J. R. Osgood and Co.) were the pioneers in America of this good work, and while wishing them all success, we should really like to see some signs of a Renaissance on the part of publishers at home.

## THE JOHNSON CENTENARY

See page 627.

## "FROM POST TO FINISH"

A NEW STORY, by Captain Hawley Smart, illustrated by John Charlton and Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 625.

## PLACES AND PEOPLE IN MADAGASCAR

"ON Thursday, July 3," writes the correspondent to whom we are indebted for the photographs from which our engravings are taken, "a large 'kabary,' or public assembly, was held in the parade ground to the west of the city. This plain is about three-quarters of a mile square. The object of the 'kabary' was to announce to the people that the French had broken off the negotiations, and that no course was open but to fight to the death. The people were called up by a notice in the *Gouvernement Gazette*, and at least 200,000 came up. As the notice was short, the people from the outlying districts were unable to get up in time. About 150,000 armed men and lads were present on the parade ground, including the soldiers who lined the various divisions and roads."

"The procession in front of the Queen was over three miles in length, and consisted of about 5,000 school volunteers (spearmen,

infantry, and artillery), some 6,000 soldiers, the Court ladies, the officers, the Queen's private guard, the Prime Minister, and the Queen, followed by the chief judges, and about 1,000 attendants in Arab costume."

"The whole procession was most striking, and the admixture of trained soldiers, wild spearmen, ladies in silk dresses, and the crowds in smart native dresses was interesting and amusing."

"The Queen made a good speech, highly patriotic, which raised the enthusiasm of the vast crowd to the highest pitch, and elicited loud and repeated shouts from the vast multitude. The Queen said she was prepared to give up anything for peace, except her country, but the French would not agree, and so they must fight, and that when the time came she herself would lead them. The people in their speeches, promised to stand by her to the last man, and with out doubt will do it."

"Madagascar is now a vast camp and drilling ground. All the able-bodied men are being drilled, and everybody is armed in some fashion or other. The coast tribes are joining heartily with the Hovas in their preparations for defence; for, despite the French statements, the coast tribes are as bitter against them as the Hovas."

"The Malagasy have a well-trained army, many thousands of which are well armed, besides an irregular force of from 300,000 to 400,000, and if the French attempt to penetrate into the interior they will find that the Malagasy can fight."

"The pictures of the artillery, infantry, and spearmen were taken at an inspection recently made by the Prime Minister."

We add a few notes in explanation of the engravings. Nossibé, the French settlement, is on an island. The mainland of Madagascar is visible in the distance. The harbour is shallow, and at low tide a large expanse of mud is uncovered. This renders the town of Helville very unhealthy.

Majunga, on the N.W. coast, is also a very unhealthy place. The fort here is a circular building of concrete. The white houses belong to Arab and Indian traders, and some are rented to European merchants.

In Helville, the chief town of Nossibé, there are more trees than anything else. The inhabitants have a sickly and wretched appearance. There is no trade or business, and the sugar plantations are a failure for want of labour.

The Sakalava Princes and their followers are in their every-day costume. They happened to look in just as the camera was ready, so were persuaded to sit for their portraits.

Ampasimbitika was a small trading station for the export of cattle. The fortifications (recently destroyed by the French) were not of an imposing character. They consisted of an old stockade armed with two or three rusty old cannon, and manned by four or five custom-house officers.

Two other pictures respectively show types of the country visitors who came to the great meeting, and a fairly representative specimen of a Sakalava village.

Bavatohy possesses an immense natural harbour, almost land-locked. The desire of the French to obtain this place is one of the chief causes of the war. There are traces of coal here, but nothing apparently of a workable character.

The Malagasy army is not to be despised. There are about 250,000 men under drill at the present time. They are trained in corps of 100 or 50, and are taught to fight either in bodies or singly. The spearmen are more dreaded by the coast tribes than the regular soldiers. Their agility and speed in running is wonderful. All the boys in the schools are enrolled as spearmen.

The artillery have been taught by British non-commissioned officers. They are smart, able fellows. Their guns are ordinary brass ones, but they have also rifled breech-loaders, and know how to use them.

The four scarlet umbrellas are emblems of Royalty. Behind Her Majesty are the chief judges in Arab costume. The Queen wore a gold coronet. The attendant spearmen are her private guards. Her palanquin, which is richly gilt, and bears an eagle on its front, was a present from the late Emperor of the French.

The Queen, with the Prime Minister on her right hand, stood on the platform listening to the speeches of the people. The platform was about 150 feet long, and was crowded with officers in uniform, gaily-dressed Court ladies, and Europeans.

The Prime Minister is a man with a round face, dark olive complexion, no whiskers or beard, but a heavy black moustache.

NOTE.—"Tobogganing in Switzerland."—Mr. John Ashurst Symonds, writing from Davos Platz, requests us to state that the tobogganing match, illustrated in our issue of November 24th, did not take place at St. Moritz, but between Davos Platz and Klosters. For three years past the Davos people have taken pains to get up an international "event."



CANDIDATES ARE SPRINGING UP for the constituencies to be created or reconstructed under the Redistribution Bill, and constituencies which regard as inadequate the representation promised them in that measure are stating and urging their claims. Meanwhile the Boundary Commissioners are busily occupied in mapping out the new electoral areas, so as to be ready with their report when Parliament reassembles.

IN THE LARGE CONSTITUENCIES which are to be divided into areas, each returning a single member, some dissatisfaction has been expressed with the destruction of local solidarity and the apprehended "Vestification" of members of Parliament thought to be involved in the new arrangement. To calm this effervescence, which is considerable in Manchester, and to show that the single-member system, though it may be approved of by the Conservatives, is of very different origin, the Cobden Club is reprinting the late Mr. Cobden's strong recommendation of the division of large constituencies into single-member districts as the only practicable mode of giving effect to the principle of proportional representation.

ALTHOUGH THE LITTLE YORKSHIRE BOROUGH of Knaresborough, with its 5,000 of population, is doomed by the Redistribution Bill to lose its solitary representative in the House of Commons, there was a very keen contest for the seat vacant through the death of Mr. T. Collins. The Conservative candidate, Colonel Gunter, belonging to the well-known London family of that name, has been returned by a majority of fifty-two over the Liberal candidate, Mr. A. Holden, the numbers being 319 to 267. At the last election, in 1881, the late Mr. T. Collins was returned by a majority of forty-one over his Liberal competitor.

ADDRESSING ON TUESDAY the Liberals of Brighton, the new Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster exultingly surveyed the history of the Reform question from the time when Sir Julian Goldsmid, speaking on the same occasion, said that he remembered voting with Mr. Trevelyan in a hopeless minority in the House of Commons in endeavouring to give the agricultural labourer the vote now secured for him. Mr. Trevelyan took a glowingly hopeful view of the results of the new Reform measures. What this country wants, he said, is strong government, and in these days popular sentiments have become so prevalent that the only method of getting strong government is to broaden and popularise our institutions.



WITH A SPEECH to the Aylesbury Liberal Association on Wednesday Sir Charles Dilke made his first appearance before a Buckinghamshire audience. The speech was chiefly remarkable for its defence of the single member system, which, if it gave some party advantage to the Conservatives in boroughs, would, Sir Charles Dilke thought, be of equal benefit to the Liberals in the counties. As to the fear of "Vestry representation," he saw cause for rejoicing rather than alarm in the project that Parliament would be largely comprised of men prominent in local work. A Vestryman himself, and first sent to the House of Commons because he and his had been active in local matters, he would be a renegade if he objected to Vestrymen.

MR. LEONARD COURTNEY, M.P., has been succeeded in the Financial Secretaryship of the Treasury by Mr. J. T. Hibbert, one of the two Liberal members for Oldham, and in the Under-Secretaryship of State for the Home Department Mr. Hibbert is succeeded by Mr. H. H. Fowler, one of the few solicitors in the House of Commons, where he has represented Wolverhampton since 1880.

AT AN INFLUENTIAL MEETING, which included the members for the University and several heads of houses, held at Cambridge, under the presidency of the Vice-Chancellor, a Cambridge memorial to the late Professor Fawcett has been decided on. It is to consist in the first instance of a portrait of Mr. Fawcett for presentation to the University, any surplus accruing to be applied to the encouragement of economic science, or of some study connected with the welfare of the people of India. It will be remembered that at one time Mr. Fawcett was often designated "the member for India."

IN DEFERENCE TO PUBLIC OPINION the optimists of the Admiralty are slightly quickening their pace. Orders have been issued for working overtime, to hasten the completion of the ironclads and fast cruisers in course of construction at Chatham.

THERE HAS BEEN A RENEWAL OF THE DISTURBANCES IN SKYE. A messenger-at-arms sent from Edinburgh to serve writs on defaulting tenants has, with his men, been assaulted and repulsed in the discharge of his duty. A number of the malcontent crofters have resolved to pay no rent "this term." A small force of marines remains in the island.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* has opened, under promising auspices, a subscription for a testimonial to Mr. George Smith of Coalville, who has spent much of his life and most of his substance in promoting, at last successfully, beneficent legislation for the large number of persons employed in the canal navigation of the country.

THE DUBLIN TOWN COUNCIL are not of Juliet's opinion that there is nothing in a name, even when it is only the name of a street. Having recently decided on re-naming the streets of their city, so as to remove from it memorials of connection with the Saxon, they have begun by turning Sackville Street, one of its principal thoroughfares, into O'Connell Street, an operation which several occupants have vainly protested against as contrary to law and injurious to themselves.

THE BRIGHTON CORPORATION has succeeded in organising what is regarded as an inexhaustible supply of pure water from the chalk downs around the town, which, though not intersected by any stream, act as a reservoir for the rainfall of the district.

LAST SUNDAY AFTERNOON the *Pocharl*, a steamer of 1,135 tons register, from Liverpool for Amsterdam, with a general cargo and without passengers, was seen from Holyhead Breakwater drifting astern in a heavy gale, while the crew were attempting to set sail on the foremast. The lifeboat from Holyhead was launched, but before she could be reached the *Pocharl* had foundered, and all hands, twenty-four persons, were drowned.

HUNGRY EAST LONDON pleads for a Christmas dinner through the ministry of Harley Street Chapel, Bow, who asks for help to feed 3,000 poor in their own houses. Great misery prevails in this district, and each case is carefully investigated before charity is bestowed. Contributions to be sent to Mr. Evans Hurdall, 16, Cottage Grove, Bow Road, E.—Another Christmas appeal comes on behalf of the useful "Homes for the Aged Poor," where deserving people are given a room and medical attention instead of going into the workhouse. There are now seven of these homes filled by 110 persons, and many applicants are waiting, so that assistance is needed both for the work itself and—especially at the present time—to give the inmates coal for the winter. Donations to be sent to the Hon. Sec., Miss S. A. Harrison, 5, Grandacre Terrace, Anerley, S.E.

THE DEATH IS ANNOUNCED of the Right Hon. Joseph Henley, at the advanced age of ninety-one. He was one of the last survivors of the Tory country gentlemen of the old school, and his integrity of character, shrewdness, and racy downrightness of speech always procured for him, though without the slightest pretension to eloquence, the ear of the House of Commons, in which he represented Oxfordshire from 1841 to 1878, when he retired from public life. He adhered to Protection after the repeal of the Corn Laws, and was President of the Board of Trade in the late Lord Derby's Administrations of 1852 and 1856. Lord Malmesbury, in his recently-published autobiography, has described Mr. Henley's strong reluctance to accept office. He resigned it, with Mr. Walpole, in 1859, chiefly because he disapproved of the extension of the 10<sup>th</sup> borough franchise to the counties proposed in Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill of that year.

OUR OBITUARY also includes the death of the Earl of Scarborough, in his seventy-first year; of Mr. Joseph Brook, who represented Bolton in the Liberal interest from 1852 to 1861, and was the author of the measure which extended to bleaching works the short time and other beneficial provisions of Factory legislation, at the age of seventy-five; of Dr. D. J. Duigan, Deputy-Inspector-General of Hospitals and Fleets, R.N., in his sixty-third year; of Lieutenant-General A. C. Robertson, who did good service during the Indian Mutiny with the 8th Regiment, the "Historical Record" of which he re-edited with additions, also contributing the article "Infantry" to the "Aide-Memoire" of the Royal Engineers, and executing a creditable translation of "Tasso," in his sixty-ninth year; of Dr. Augustus Voelcker, a native of Germany, who early settled in England, where he became eminent as an agricultural chemist, and was when he died consulting chemist of the Royal Agricultural Society, in his sixty-second year; and of Mr. Charles Ross, for many years the able and respected chief of the parliamentary staff of the *Times*, from which position he retired only two months ago, and in the service of which journal he entered the Gallery on the day of George III.'s death in 1820—at the advanced age of eighty-four.



THE Autumn Session, as is the manner now of all Parliamentary Sessions, dies hard. After the labours of the exceptional Session, and in view of the deep calm which has descended upon all political controversy, it was expected that the arrangements of Saturday would be purely formal, occupying but a few minutes in their completion. What had to be done was that the Lords Commissioners should give their assent to the Franchise Bill, the Consolidated Fund Bill, and one or two other measures of more limited interest. In

truth, it happened that in the bundle of five Bills presented for the Royal Assent there were coupled the largest Bill and the smallest Bill passed in recent years. The former was, of course, the Franchise Bill; the latter, the Yorkshire Registries Act (Amendment) Bill the sole purpose of which is to change a word which by error crept into the original.

Both Houses were to have met at one o'clock. The Lords were punctual, which was not difficult, seeing that, with the exception of the Lords Commissioners upon the Bench, there were only three other peers present, unless Lord Stratheden and Campbell is to be counted as two. The Commons were at least ten minutes late, the paucity of the numbers present not enabling the Speaker earlier to take the chair. There were quite a string of notices of motion, Sir George Campbell competing with Mr. Callan and Mr. Sexton for an early place next Session. The list was cut short by the appearance of Black Rod, who arrived, ten minutes after the Speaker had taken the chair, with a summons for the attendance of the Commons in the other House. Mr. Gladstone had dropped in a few minutes earlier, and now, all members standing up whilst the Speaker, preceded by the Mace and accompanied by the Chaplain, walked down the floor, the Premier fell in behind. He was accompanied by Sir Charles Dilke (his principal working colleague in the arrangement of the settlement with the Peers), Mr. Mundella, the Lord Advocate, and Mr. Shaw-Lefevre. Ordinarily the barren ceremony of giving the assent to Bills by Royal Commission does not draw many members from the Commons. But on Saturday, the occasion being a historical one, and the Premier himself having come down, over thirty members fell into the procession, and presently filled the available space at the bar of the House of Lords. Here with the accustomed bowing and scraping the Royal Commission was read, the Royal Assent given to the brief list of Bills, and all was over. It was noticeable that the momentous incident of the final stage in the enactment of the Franchise Bill was accomplished in profound silence. Members of the House of Commons who presumed to cheer would immediately have been arrested by Black Rod, whilst it was too much to expect that Lord Sudeley, Lord Stratheden and Campbell, and the Bishop of Liverpool, even had they been inclined, should have united in a cheer. When the Commons went back to their own place, and the Speaker informed them that the Franchise Bill had received the Royal Assent, there was, considering the numbers present, an exhilarating outburst of cheering.

Mr. Gladstone did not return to the House of Commons, arriving at the conclusion, not unnatural in the circumstances, that the business was over, and that everybody would be exceedingly glad to get away. But here he reckoned without his Irish hosts. There is a marked difference between the separation of the House of Commons on Saturday and the breaking-up which takes place after a prorogation, and of this the Irish members were quick to avail themselves. On the day when Parliament is about to be prorogued there may be as much talking as can be got through before Black Rod arrives. But his appearance marks the conclusion of all further talk. A member addressing the House is cut short in the very middle of a sentence by the knock of Black Rod at the portals of the House. (This once happened to Mr. Gladstone himself, not on a prorogation day, but on the occasion of one of the ordinary appearances of Black Rod to invite the Commons to hear the Royal assent given to Bills.) When, in view of the prorogation, members troop off to the other House, they know that when they come back the House will no longer be in Session. The act of prorogation is accomplished in the Lords. The mace is moved from the table in the Commons; the Speaker does not presume to enter his chair, but sits at the table as if he were merely the clerk. There is no longer any Session, and happily no longer any speech-making.

But on Saturday the case was different. Parliament was being adjourned, not prorogued, and the action of adjournment is individual in both Houses. That is to say, because the Lords have adjourned it does not follow that the Commons have, nor when the Commons adjourn does it have any effect upon the business arrangements of the Peers. When the Commons returned on Saturday they were, as long as a quorum could be kept, capable of proceeding with business, and this was a course the Parnellites forthwith endeavoured to adopt. The fact that there was no business to be done did not alter their intention. There were fifty-two questions on the paper, on which more than half—twenty-eight to be precise—stood in the name of four of their number. They were of the usual measure of absorbing interest. One inquired whether it is true that within the space of a month forty gallons of whisky were drunk in Rathdown Workhouse? Another inquired as to the tunes played by a band in marching through the streets of a certain village; a third inquired as to the religion of acting sergeants of police in Antrim; a fourth brought a charge against a magistrate of wrongfully questioning an old woman under remand for stealing a shawl; and so forth.

Lord Richard Grosvenor came to the conclusion that without detriment to the public service members might forthwith go home, leaving these thrilling inquiries unanswered. Accordingly he moved that the House forthwith adjourn. On Thursday night, when notices had been placed upon the paper providing for the adjournment over Friday and the adjournment after the rising of the House on Saturday till the 19th of February, the Irish Members had the Government in their grasp. These resolutions must be passed before the House rose, otherwise it would have had to sit again on Friday. They pursued their advantage to the length of keeping the House sitting till half-past five in the morning. On Saturday the Government had the whip hand of them. There was no business to be accomplished, and therefore, if the sitting could not be got rid of by other means, the House could be counted out. The Parnellites knew this, and after their fashion, when they are driven into a corner, began to storm and rage, demanding that "in decency" the Government ought to have allowed the important questions on the paper to be put. An unexpected ally turned up in the person of Sir Henry Wolff, though what he did in this gallery is not easy to understand. The Irish Members were undisguisedly bent upon inflicting personal inconvenience upon the Speaker, for whom they have, with good reason, conceived a violent dislike. They would, also, if they were successful, prevent about thirty English and Scotch gentlemen from carrying out arrangements for leaving town, made upon the reasonable expectation that Parliamentary business would be over before two o'clock. That Sir H. Wolff in these circumstances should range himself on their side is a little odd. Evidently the hon. gentleman did not upon reflection relish his position, and having endeavoured to keep other members in, took an early opportunity of leaving to catch his own train. The storm rising, Mr. Montagu Guest took direct means for stilling it by moving a count, a flank movement at which the Parnellites howled, and Mr. Callan, with an angry glance at the Speaker, called out, "We'll keep him in the chair till four o'clock." Beaten they must be in the end they knew. But as the House cannot be counted out before four o'clock they determined to comfort themselves with the reflection that to that extent the personal arrangements of the Speaker and other members would be disarranged. Of course the Speaker did not literally remain in the chair, but, announcing that the sitting was suspended till four o'clock, left, pursued to the very door by cries of "Shame!" and "Dirty trick!" from the pinks of perfect honour, the high-minded gentlemen of whom Mr. Callan is a prominent type. On returning at four o'clock it was found that the utmost efforts of the Parnellites could not muster more than twenty-four members, and with this undignified scene the memorable Autumn Session of 1884 closed.



A CURIOUS CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR A DEAF PERSON has been introduced in Germany—a fan, deftly concealing a tiny ear-trumpet in its end stick. Gentlemen can have their ear-trumpets hidden in a walking-cane.

A FINE STROKE OF ADVERTISING BUSINESS has just been made in Naples. A tradesman opening a monster drapery establishment persuaded the Archbishop to come and give his formal benediction to the enterprise, and so persuade the faithful that purchases at his shop were under the special favour of Heaven.

M. PASTEUR'S FAMOUS HYDROPHOBIA EXPERIMENTS may shortly be tested on a human being if the French scientists decide to accept the risk. A Parisian lady has offered to be vaccinated according to M. Pasteur's theories, and to be subsequently bitten by a mad dog, and on his refusal she renews her proposal, urging him to make the trial in the interests of science.

SERMONS BY TELEPHONE are to be enjoyed by many members of Transatlantic congregation, this winter in order to prevent delicate people from being exposed to inclement weather. The experiment began three weeks ago at Dr. Talmage's church in Brooklyn, which was connected by telephone with numerous houses in both Brooklyn and New York. Now Albany is making similar arrangements with regard to her churches.

POOR AND PERSEVERING STUDENTS often resort to odd means to carry on their studies. In the United States poor scholars sometimes act as waiters in some country hotel during the vacation to make money enough for next term, but their energy does not compare with that of a young Russian Jew, now studying chemistry at Berlin. Too poor to carry on his studies unaided, and too proud to receive help, he has got employment in the night brigade of street scavengers, and works away briskly for a small wage.

STRONG-MINDED LADIES who cannot obtain the public rights they claim in this country should go to Washington Territory, United States, where the women seem to have it all their own way in public life. In accordance with a recent law they recorded their votes in the Presidential election, they act as Justices of the Peace, as successful lawyers, and now even serve in turn with the men on juries. One jury woman brings her three-year-old child into Court with her, an innovation which might cause some inconvenience. Curiously enough, a lady lawyer recently defended a Chinaman, and won her cause through many difficulties, though the client himself did not believe in his advocate, and sat glum, murmuring, "Me no want woman—she no good." Rather a startling event indeed for John Chinaman, with his national contempt for the weaker sex.

THE PARISIAN ART SEASON usually begins a week or two before Christmas, and amateurs find plenty to amuse them this year. Thus a new artistic society, La Galerie des Artistes Modernes, on Saturday inaugurated their first collection, which includes some capital paintings, sculpture, and engravings. On Wednesday the Independent Artists opened an exhibition in the Champs Elysées on behalf of the cholera sufferers; and next Monday an "Artistic Sporting Exhibition" begins in the Galleries of the Rue de Séze, also for charitable purposes. This last collection is expected to be most attractive, as it ranges from the old masters, such as Cuypp, Wouvermans, and Snyders, down to Gérôme, Carolus Duran, and Meissonnier. Paris also will shortly own a new museum. A successful collector, M. Guimet, who has been studying Eastern religions for many years, has presented his treasures to the State, and a museum is to be specially built to contain his splendid collection of objects used in the various creeds and manuscripts and books on the same theme. M. Guimet has brought over Buddhist and Brahmin priests from all parts of the world, who are translating their sacred books into French, and will form an Oriental School in connection with the Museum.

LONDON MORTALITY again increased last week, and 1,764 deaths were registered against 1,716 during the previous seven days, a rise of 48, but being 95 below the average, and at the rate of 22.9 per 1,000. There were 37 deaths from small-pox (a rise of 7, and exceeding the average by 23), and the Metropolitan Asylums Hospitals contained 1,027 patients last Saturday against 884 the previous week. Deaths from measles numbered 28 (a fall of 3), there were 23 from scarlet fever (a decline of 4), 29 from diphtheria (an increase of 13), 28 from whooping-cough (a rise of 11), 1 from typhus, 16 from enteric fever, 12 from diarrhoea and dysentery (an increase of 1), and not one from either ill-defined forms of fever or from cholera. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had been 511 the previous week, declined to 499 last week, and were 11 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 45 deaths; 42 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 15 from fractures and contusions, 9 from burns and scalds, and 11 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Two cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,385 births registered against 2,587 during the previous week, being 263 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 42.4 deg., and 0.4 deg. above the average. Rain fell on each day to the aggregate amount of 1.23 inches. The duration of registered bright sunshine was 3.6 hours.

THE MONSTER WORLD'S INDUSTRIAL AND COTTON CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION at New Orleans opens on Dec. 16th, and its promoters proudly declare that the display will be larger and grander than any yet made all over the globe. The various structures of the Exhibition occupy over sixty acres of ground, and the World's Fair further boasts of the biggest main building, the biggest concert-hall, and the biggest organ hitherto erected. Moreover, except the small entrance-fee, neither native nor foreign exhibitors pay a cent of rent for the space they fill. The Government exhibit promises to be most interesting, according to a lengthy account in the Albany *Sunday Press*. The State Department will show a huge glass globe bearing the political and geographical divisions of the earth, with the economic productions of the various countries arranged at the base; the Treasury will illustrate all the methods of life-saving in use, and will give daily demonstrations on the river of rescue from a wreck; the War Department will chiefly exhibit ambulance work; and the Navy, besides models and torpedo experiments, will organise a special Arctic display, including the relics of the Greely expedition. Sugar production in all its branches, the different uses of American wood, school architecture and methods, and the various processes of mining will be elaborately represented, the last section containing a splendid collection of minerals and a curious big glass model of the Ruby Hill mine, Nevada, like a transparent mountain, where the different characteristics of the rock will be distinctly reproduced, so that the eye can trace the various metallic veins, and every shaft and tunnel. Another equally interesting section will illustrate man's growth from the prehistoric period up to civilised times, showing valuable relics of the cave-dwellers. One wonderful apparatus, too, is an "electro-mechanical signal apparatus," which seems to provide against every peril of railway travel. Besides giving notice of runaway trains, broken bridges, and obstacles on the line, it rings bells on the engines and in the cabin of the bridge-keeper if any weakness appears in the bridge, if the rails or sleepers are shaky, or a tunnel bulges slightly, while the bell is loud enough to waken any signalman asleep on duty.



CAPT. J. F. BROCKLEHURST, ROYAL HORSEGUARDS  
Special Service

LIEUT. T. J. E. ADVF, ROYAL ARTILLERY  
Aide-de-Camp

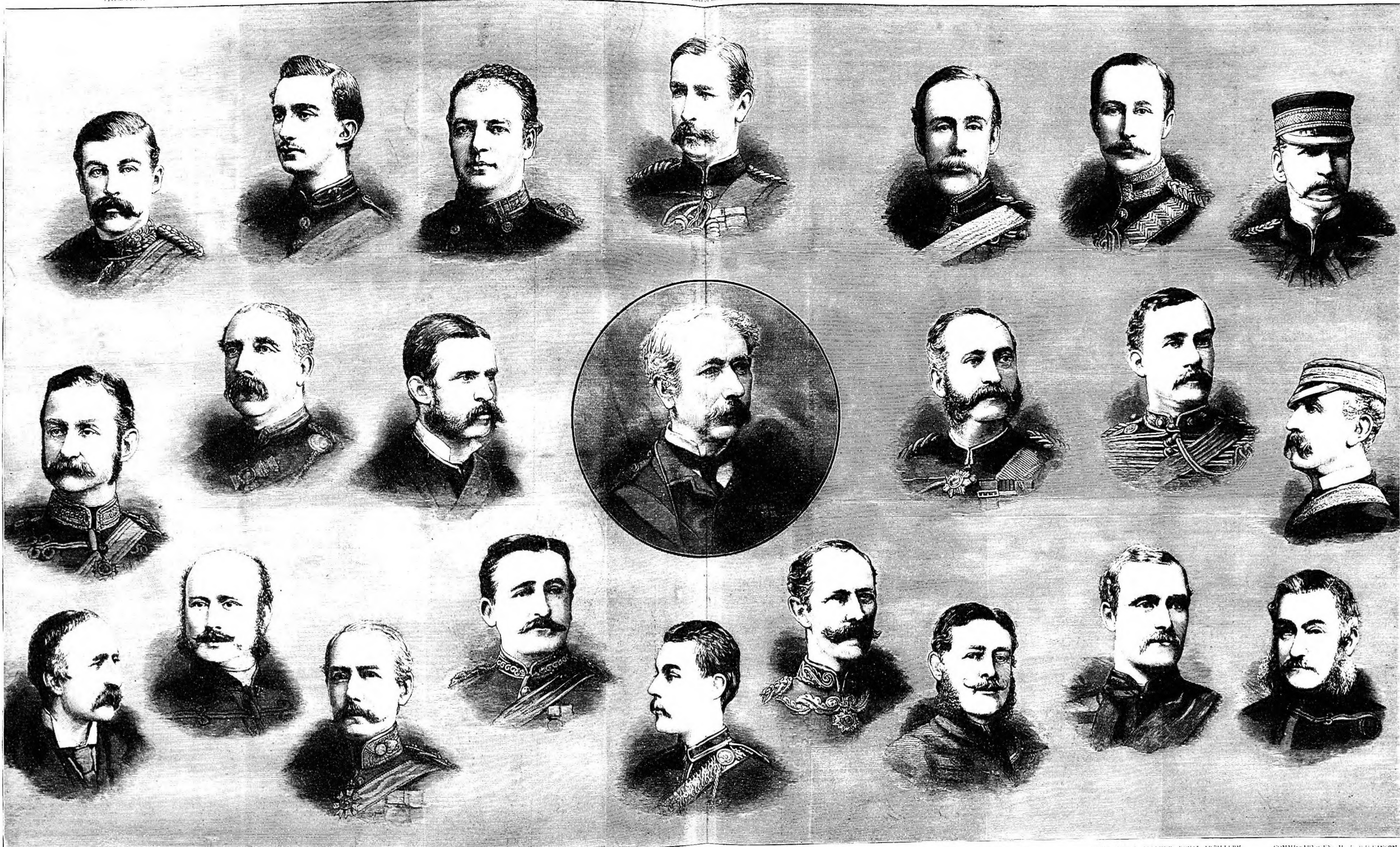
CAPT. LORD C. W. DE LA POER BERSFORD, ROYAL NAVY  
Naval Aide-de-Camp

MAJOR-GEN. SIR REDVERS DILLER, V.C., K.C.M.G.  
Chief of the Staff

LIEUT. E. S. E. CHILDERS, ROYAL ENGINEERS  
Aide-de-Camp

MAJOR J. M. WALDEOT, 3RD DRAGOON GUARDS  
Aide-de-Camp

SURGEON-GEN. J. IRVING, M.D.  
Principal Medical Officer to the Forces in Egypt



COL. RICHARD HARRISON, C.B., ROYAL ENGINEERS  
Special Service

COL. K. G. HENDERSON, 2ND KING'S ROYAL RIFLE CORPS  
Special Service

LIEUT.-COL. G. A. FURSE  
Assistant-Adjutant and Quartermaster-General

SURGEON-MAJOR L. CORBAN, MEDICAL STAFF  
Senior Medical Officer to the Camel Corps

GEN. LORD WOLSELEY, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.  
Commander-in-Chief

COL. SIR H. STEWART, 3RD DRAGOON GUARDS  
Special Service

COL. W. F. BUTLER, C.B.  
Assistant-Adjutant and Quartermaster-General

COL. G. WEBBER, C.B., ROYAL ENGINEERS  
Special Service

LIEUT.-COL. J. ALLYNE, ROYAL ARTILLERY  
Deputy Assistant-Adjutant and Quartermaster-General

LIEUT.-COL. HON. E. F. T. ROSCAWEN, COLDSTREAM GUARDS  
Commanding Infantry Division of the Camel Corps

COMMISSARY-GEN. H. J. WILKINSON  
Senior Commissioner of Ordnance

CHIEF PAYMASTER OLIVIER, C.B.  
District Paymaster

LIEUT.-COL. HON. R. A. J. TALBOT, 1ST LIFE GUARDS  
Commanding Heavy Cavalry Division of the Camel Corps

COL. SIR C. W. WILSON, K.C.M.G., C.B., ROYAL ENGINEERS  
Special Service

CAPT. THE EARL OF ARKLE, 10TH HUSSARS  
Special Service

THE NILE EXPEDITION—LORD WOLSELEY AND HIS STAFF





THE EXPEDITION IN EGYPT has made another step forward. On Saturday Colonel Stewart, with Hussar and Camel Corps detachments, advanced to Ambukol, and by this time Lord Wolseley has probably transferred his headquarters thither from Dongola. The last boat with troops on board left Wady Halfa on the 1st inst., but it will be some weeks before the whole force is concentrated at Ambukol. Whether the rest of the journey to Khartoum will be made by water, or whether a dash will be made across the desert to Shendi, appears as yet to be uncertain. The river route is favoured by the chief military authorities, but should any special urgency arise for the relief of General Gordon the Camel Corps could cross the desert in five days, as sufficient water would be found in the wells by the way. If the whole force is conveyed by river, the main body, it is thought, would not arrive at Khartoum before March. According to all reports, General Gordon controls the river from Khartoum to Shendi with his steamers, though he is unable to land his men. He appears to be as closely invested as ever, though the Mahdi seems to be losing the sympathy and confidence of his followers. Curious stories of his tyranny and rapacity, and of his working miracles by jugglery, are coming to hand; and it is even asserted that he took in earnest General Gordon's taunt with regard to the drying-up of the Nile, and ordered 3,000 of his men to cross the river, assuring them that it would become dry ground as they advanced. The experiment resulted, however, in almost the whole number being drowned.

At CAIRO there has been great disappointment in Ministerial circles at the judicial decision regarding the action of the authorities in suspending the Sinking Fund. The Court has ordered the restitution of the money, and pronounces liable for the amount the Minister of Finance, the Mudirs, the English and native members of the Railway Board, and the English Director of Customs. Nubar Pasha, not having signed the incriminating edict, is not affected. The Government will appeal, but at the same time this judgment will render administration more difficult than ever, as the subordinate and provincial officials, never too amenable to discipline, will now hesitate to carry out Ministerial orders if these in any way appear in their minds to clash with the Law of Liquidation. It is naturally asked on all sides what steps will be taken in the matter by the British Cabinet, which has led the Egyptian Ministry into this scrape. It is earnestly hoped that, at all events, the negotiations for the final settlement of the financial difficulties will be pressed forward, so that the Egyptian Government may obtain funds for the repayment of the half million sterling for which they have been pronounced liable, as well as for its other most pressing necessities. There has been further fighting at Suakin, where on Monday a severe engagement of three hours appears to have taken place, a body of 1,500 Arabs having made a determined attack upon the railway works. The Egyptian cavalry, under Colonel Haggard, engaged the enemy, and were assisted by the guns of the *Dolphin*, which bountifully shelled the enemy, who ultimately retreated with a loss of thirty killed and a large number wounded. The report on the Technical Commission on the Suez Canal recommends that the canal should be enlarged to a width of 80 metres, so that two vessels of the largest size could pass each other.

Egyptian affairs have excited but little discussion in FRANCE this week owing to the recent storm in home political circles, but at the same time it is evident that on M. Ferry rests the responsibility of the acceptance or refusal of England's proposal, and the consequent settlement or prolongation of the Egyptian difficulty. All the other Powers are waiting to see what line France will adopt before giving their opinion, but there is a general impression that France will oppose any reduction of the interest on the debt. Poor M. Ferry has enough on his hands just now, though he cleared off one burning question on Tuesday. The Senate in discussing the Bill for Senatorial reform as amended by the Chamber rejected M. Floquet's proposal to elect future Senators by universal suffrage, which had been adopted by the Deputies in the teeth of the Government. On Tuesday M. Ferry made this matter a question of confidence in the Chamber, and the obnoxious clause was accordingly expunged, and the whole measure passed as originally propounded by the Senate by a large majority. Another briskly debated subject has been the Ecclesiastical portion of the Budget. The annual motion for its absolute suppression was rejected, but numerous reductions in ecclesiastical stipends were made—that of the Archbishop of Paris being lowered from 1,800*l.* to 600*l.*

There are conflicting reports as to the exact condition of the negotiations between France and China, and the Havas Agency has published an announcement that "the Marquis Tseng's indisposition has interrupted his interviews with Lord Granville, which had become more frequent since the passing of the Tonquin vote of credit by the Chamber." The conditions which China are endeavouring to obtain are also stated to be *uti possidetis*—that each side should remain in its present position. By this arrangement China would retain Tamsui and the frontier fortress Lang-son, Cao-bang, and Laokai. From China come the most bellicose reports, and a fleet of twelve vessels, largely officered by Germans, is being got ready ostensibly to relieve Formosa. On the other hand, it is said that in the negotiations China has shown a more reasonable disposition, and that consequently General Briere de l'Isle has been instructed to abstain from further hostilities for the present. The French Government have acknowledged that the negotiations with the Hovas in Madagascar have failed, and, of course, attribute this to adverse English influence.

In PARIS the murder of M. Morin by Madame Hugues still remains the foremost topic. M. Morin died on Sunday, after suffering terrible agony. Madame Hugues will be tried early in January, but meanwhile numerous witnesses in her favour are being examined who bear witness to the malpractices of private inquiry agencies, and it is stated that Madame Lenormant, who instigated Morin to libel Madame Hugues, offered large bribes to numerous people to bear witness against her husband, towards whom she nourished a most intense feeling of vengeance. To pass to more agreeable topics, it is now decided that the Universal Exhibition of 1889 is to be held, as before, on the Champ de Mars. A supplementary Artisans' Exhibition, however, is to be organised at Vincennes. Three new "immortals" have been elected: M. Duruy, who helped Napoleon III. to write his "Life of Caesar"; M. Joseph Bertrand, a well-known astronomer; and M. Ludovic Halévy, the popular librettist, having been chosen members of the Academy.

In GERMANY the West African Conference have been fulfilling their task as expeditiously as could have been expected, when the number of conflicting interests is taken into consideration. The chief points discussed have related to the free navigation of the Congo and the Niger. With regard to the latter river, England's objection to the control of the navigation being handed over to the proposed International Commission has been allowed, and she will accordingly have the charge of the lower basin of the river, while France will probably take control of the upper reaches, where her territorial possessions chiefly lie. The rules as to navigation and free trade will of course equally apply to both rivers. England,

however, has not been so successful in her attempt to prohibit all liquor traffic in the Mahomedan region. The details of the Congo navigation have been freely discussed, and the American proposal to establish a large naval coal depot at the mouth of the Congo. The chief riparian State has been rejected for the present. The question of neutralising the Congo in the event of war between two of the contracting Powers was next debated, England proposing that the navigation should be free for all merchant ships to the distance of a league beyond the mouth of the river, but neither coals nor munitions of war are to be supplied to ships of war belonging to either of the belligerents. France has presented a similar proposition, but lays no embargo upon coals, the fact being that she wishes to establish a large naval coal depot at the mouth of the Congo. The United States suggest that not merely the Congo and the Niger should be neutralised, but the whole Free Trade basin—a proposition opposed by France. England has now determined to recognise the flag of the International African Association, and will conclude the same convention with that body as the other Powers.

INDIA has been bidding farewell to Lord Ripon and welcoming Lord Dufferin, who, with Lady Dufferin, arrived at Bombay on Monday. In reply to the address of the Bombay Corporation, Lord Dufferin said that, "No matter what criticism might be made with regard to his Administration, it should not be in the power of any man to say that, either for fear, favour, or any personal consideration, he had ever turned aside from the course conducive to the happiness of the millions confided to his care, and to the dignity, honour, and safety of the Empire." Meanwhile the farewell tour and speeches of Lord Ripon have still further widened the breach between British and native opinion. The Anglo-Indian papers severely criticise his past policy, and unanimously pronounce it a failure, while the native organs teem with the most fulsome eulogy, only equalled by the egregious flattery conveyed in the native addresses, and which the recipient has in no way attempted to alleviate. "He posed throughout," wires the *Times* correspondent, "as the one reformer—the sole friend of the natives. He entirely ignored his colleagues, and, when he condescended to allude to his countrymen in India, he did so in an almost insulting manner."—Dr. Koch's cholera theory is said to be contradicted by the reports of Drs. Klein and Gibbs, who declare that *bacilli* are not always present in cholera cases, and are never found in the blood or the tissue. All attempts to infect animals have completely failed.—The united division of the Afghan Boundary Commission arrived on the 25th ult. at Asiab-i-Deew, thirty-six miles north-east of Kushan, and will take up their winter quarters at Chaharsambah, near Maimeina.

In SOUTH AFRICA Sir Charles Warren has been received with great enthusiasm, and the interference of the Colonial Government in the Bechuanaland question is universally deprecated, the effigies of Mr. Upington, the Cape Prime Minister, and his colleagues being burnt. Mr. Upington, it appears, speaking at a meeting in Goshenland, pronounced himself to be the elected chief of the Dutch Party in South Africa, and raised the cry of "Africa for the Africans." The speech excited great indignation in Cape Colony, where the Ministers were received on their return by a hooting crowd. The Bechuana Expedition will, according to present arrangements, consist of three regiments of irregular and English Volunteers and of 1,000 Colonials, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonels the Hon. Paul Methuen, Carrington, and Gough.

OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, there has been much rejoicing in ITALY over the Ministerial Budget, which, despite the cholera, shows a surplus for the present year, and a promise of better things for the future.—AUSTRIA is not quite so happy, as her accounts show the usual deficit, though on a smaller scale than usual.—RUSSIA is still in the midst of revolutionary intrigues and arrests, and the Nihilist Executive Committee has issued a proclamation condemning the Russian Minister of the Interior to death.—From SPAIN we hear that a Commercial Treaty with England is once more likely to be concluded. The cholera epidemic has not yet wholly ceased.—From MADEIRA come full details of the firing into the British Pleasure Sailing Yacht Company's ship *Tyburnia*. It appears that the captain, not having received the proper official papers for declaring his cargo, had not done so. The authorities wished to detain the vessel; and on the Captain, an old blockade-runner, going out of port, fired upon him from the fort.—In the UNITED STATES there is a lull in political circles after the excitement of the recent campaign. A Bill has been introduced into Congress suspending the coinage of the silver dollar for three years. General Grant has refused to accept a pension from the State, and the proposition has accordingly been withdrawn.—In CANADA the agitation for a reciprocity treaty with the United States is increasing, and petitions are being addressed to the Dominion Government to take steps in the matter.—From AUSTRALIA we hear of great depression in Northern Queensland, where public meetings have been held advocating a Separatist movement from the Southern district. This is owing to the essential difference in the industries pursued. The Northerners require coolie labour for their sugar, grocery, and the other tropical industries, while the Southerners only need white labour in their more temperate climate. The Southerners—who have, moreover, a majority in the Legislature—place every obstacle in the way of coolie immigration.



THE QUEEN has received further visitors at Windsor this week. The Duke and Duchess of Bedford, with Lady Ermytrude Russell, the Marquis and Marchioness of Stafford, and Lord Hartington have been among Her Majesty's guests, and on Saturday Prince George of Wales and Sir W. and Lady Harcourt. Princess Beatrice spent a day with the ex-Empress Eugénie at Farborough, Princess Victoria of Slesvig-Holstein lunching with the Queen in her absence, and in the evening Her Majesty gave a small dinner-party. Next morning the Queen, with Princess Beatrice and Prince George, attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel, where the Hon. and Rev. E. Carr Glyn preached, and afterwards Prince George left for Greenwich College. Prince and Princess Christian, the Duchess of Sutherland, and Lord and Lady Brooke joined the Royal dinner-party on Monday night, while on Tuesday Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice came to town to see the Duchess of Cambridge. The Queen and Princess leave for Osborne next week, and possibly the ex-Empress Eugénie may spend Christmas with the Royal party.—It is reported that Her Majesty and the Duchess of Albany will visit Cannes in the spring.

The Prince of Wales spent Saturday shooting with Sir Henry James over his coverts near Pluckley, Kent. On Monday morning the Prince and the Duke of Edinburgh visited the Cattle Show at the Agricultural Hall, where both Princes have taken prizes, and were subsequently joined by the Princess Louise and Lord Lorne. Later the Princess of Wales arrived in town from Sandringham in time to accompany the Prince and the Duke of Edinburgh to Eastwell Park, where the Duke and Duchess are entertaining a large shooting party. On leaving Eastwell the Prince and Princess remain in town till Tuesday, when they go to Willey Court,

Worcestershire, to stay with Lord and Lady Dudley. Leaving Willey on Saturday they will spend a few hours at Worcester on their way home to Sandringham.—It is asserted that the Prince of Wales will not ask Parliament for any allowance for Prince Albert Victor on his coming of age in January, but will wait until the Prince marries, considering the application unnecessary while his son has no separate establishment. The festivities for the Prince's majority are being organised, and the borough of King's Lynn will present the young Prince with a facsimile of "King John's Cup."



THE DEATH IS ANNOUNCED, in his eightieth year, of the Rev. Edward Girdlestone, Senior Residentiary Canon of Bristol Cathedral, after a brief illness, originating in a cold which he caught during a recent journey to Sandringham, whither he had been summoned by the Prince of Wales. Canon Girdlestone was a vigorous preacher and speaker, and an active promoter of the charitable and other useful institutions of Bristol. But to the general public he was best known as the energetic friend of the agricultural labourer, and it was he who, at the Norwich meeting of the British Association, first suggested the formation of the Agricultural Labourers' Union. He not only advocated, but personally aided, the migration of agricultural labourers from districts where their lot was one of hopeless poverty to others where wages were higher, and through his instrumentality 600 families were removed from the West of England to the manufacturing districts, with which he had become acquainted when Vicar of Deane, in Lancashire. A staunch Protestant, he was prominent in opposition to the High Church party, especially to Archdeacon Denison at the meetings of the National Society, and this, it is said, induced Lord Cranworth to procure for him the Canonry of Bristol, to which he was appointed in 1854, thirty years ago.

THE HONORARY CANONRY OF LIVERPOOL, vacant by the death of Canon Hume, has been conferred by the Bishop of the Diocese on the Rev. T. Major Lester, Vicar of St. Mary, Kirkdale, to whose exertions is due the establishment and maintenance of large industrial schools for boys taken off the streets. Mr. Lester is described as "a liberal-minded Evangelical."

THE BISHOPS OF ROCHESTER, ST. ALBANS, and Litchfield appeal to Churchmen on behalf of a "Bishop Anson Fire Fund," opened at Messrs. Coutts and Co., the object of which is to make good, as far as possible, the loss which the Bishop of Assiniboine has sustained through the destruction by fire of his house, and almost everything, from the Communion plate and books to wearing apparel, which he had taken out with him from England.

PREACHING FROM ST. LUKE ix. 26, before a very crowded congregation in St. Paul's Cathedral on Sunday afternoon, Canon Liddon gave an account of a dinner-party at the West End fifty years since, when, after the ladies had retired, the conversation took a turn derogatory to the Founder of Christianity. One of the guests asked the host's permission to ring the bell, and when the servant came ordered his carriage, saying that he was sorry to be obliged to leave, but that he was still a Christian. "This act of simple courage," Canon Liddon added, "was that not of a Bishop or of a clergyman, but of the great Minister of the early part of Queen Victoria's reign, Sir Robert Peel."

LAST SUNDAY Mr. Spurgeon had recovered just sufficiently to be able to officiate at the Tabernacle.



ALBERT HALL.—An audience of nearly twelve thousand people assembled at the Royal Albert Hall on Wednesday night to listen to one of the finest performances of *Elijah* heard in London for some time. The Albert Hall chorus have now deservedly won the foremost place among our regular oratorio choirs, not only for numbers, but for their nice attention to the minutiae of light and shade in choral singing, and for that degree of excellence which is only begot of true artistic feeling. Nor could the cast of soloists, which included the great names of Mesdames Albani and Patey, Messrs. Lloyd and Santley, well be surpassed in this country. That these artists could not so well as usual be heard in the vast hall must, we believe, be attributed to the fact that the enormous *velarium*, which covered the dome, has been replaced by one of lighter material, pierced in no less than thirty large holes, through which the sound seemed to be to a great extent lost. In justice to the artists whose voices appeared on Wednesday to be far weaker than before, the old *velarium* should be replaced or imitated, or further experiments should be made to improve the acoustic properties of the hall.

MRS. MEADOWS WHITE.—We regret to have to chronicle the death of Mrs. Meadows White, wife of the Recorder of Canterbury, and one of the few ladies who have invited the public judgment upon works of the higher school of music. Her settings of Collins' *Ode to the Passions* produced at the Three Choirs Festival in 1882, her overture to Longfellow's "Masque of Pandora," and other works composed under her maiden name of "Alice Mary Smith," were compositions of serious aim, which attracted the notice of amateurs and connoisseurs. Mrs. Meadows White, who was a pupil of the late Sterndale Bennett and of Sir George Macfarren, has, we believe, during the last twenty-three years, also composed symphonies, concertos, chamber music, and other ambitious works.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Herr Robert Heckmann, leader of the violins in the Cologne orchestra, has been selected as Mr. Mann's *chef d'attaque* at Glasgow. On Saturday he had a preliminary trial at the Crystal Palace. It is unfortunate that Herr Heckmann, who has a high German reputation, did not select some more popular composition than the first concerto of Max Bruch, dedicated to Joachim. However, apart from occasionally false intonation, the new violinist pleased the Crystal Palace audience with his bold and manly style, his full, round tone, and his powers of execution. Madame Patey's beautiful voice was heard at its best in the "Inflammatus" from Dvorák's *Stabat Mater*. In place of the usual symphony, there were three orchestral movements from Berlioz's *Roméo et Juliette*. These movements were the scene by night in the garden of the Capulets, where the young Montague watches the dancing lights at the windows, and listens to the sounds of the ball within, the exquisite "Scène d'Amour," beautifully played by the Crystal Palace orchestra, and the "Queen Mab" scherzo. Mr. F. H. Cowen will conduct the next concert, when his "Welsh" Symphony will be performed.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.—Madame Sophie Löwe gave at Prince's Hall last week an interesting chamber concert devoted entirely to the works of Schubert and Schumann. Madame Löwe sang "The Young Nun" and "Hark, Hark, the Lark," of Schubert, and, with



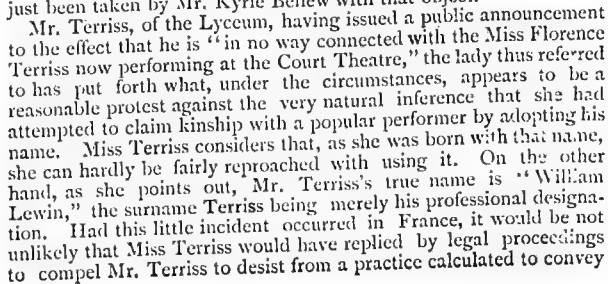
NOTES AND NEWS.—Herr Antonin Dvorák has finished his cantata for the Birmingham Festival, and Messrs. Novello expect the manuscript daily.—Madame Minnie Hauk, who lost, at the Albert Hall, a valuable brooch of turquoises and diamonds, has had it returned to her anonymously.—The third and last Ballad Concert before Christmas was given, at St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening.—Mr. Barton McGuckin has now recovered from his indisposition, which was only a severe cold.—A subscription has been commenced for the twelve orphan children of the late Charles Rowe, the ballad writer.—Professor Blackie gave an extraordinary lecture on "The Love Songs of Scotland," at Glasgow, on Tuesday. In the course of the lecture, the aged professor, but five years short of fourscore, sang Lyle's "Let us Haste to Kelvin Grove," and also a parody of the same song.—Mr. Willing's petition against the Royal Italian Opera was, on Saturday, withdrawn.



pervaded by a pleasant feeling of pastoral repose. The landscape and marine painters furnish many of the best works in the collection. If they offer little matter for critical comment it is only because they strongly resemble the previous achievements of their authors. Mr. F. Danby's "Kidwelly Castle, South Wales," Mr. George Fripp's "Weston Mill, near Leamington," Mr. C. Davidson's "Sketch at Falmouth," Mr. P. J. Naftel's "Milbeck, Westmoreland," and Mr. G. P. Jackson's "Winter Twilight," are good examples of styles that have long been familiar to the public.—Mr. Albert Goodwin sends many excellent drawings, including a wooded river scene, "The Island of Shalot," poetical in feeling, and full of subtle gradations of tone, and two admirable little studies made in the streets of Bologna,—Miss Clara Montalba's fine sense of colour and appreciation of picturesque beauty are seen in many studies made in the by-ways of Venice, and on the lagoon. The view of "Whitby—Early Morning," is the most luminous and the best of many truthful outdoor studies by Mr. H. M. Marshall. Mr. R. Thorne Waite exhibits many fresh and rapidly painted transcripts of English pastoral scenes, all strongly suggestive of movement and bright daylight; and Mr. T. J. Watson some drawings of forest scenery, showing careful study of natural form, and a true appreciation of natural beauty.

THE Winter Exhibition at the Suffolk Street Gallery derives a certain amount of freshness and vitality from the works of Mr. Whistler and two or three comparatively unknown painters who have recently become members of the Society. The life-sized "Portrait of Mrs. Louis Huth," which, in accordance with his

THE SERIES OF FORTY DRAWINGS AND SKETCHES made in Venice by the Russian painter A. M. Roussoff, now occupying one of the Fine Art Society's rooms in New Bond Street, though by no means faultless, have merit of a high order. They show a keen perception of picturesque beauty and artistic taste in choice of subject and point of view. Most of them, moreover, are strikingly true in local colour, and executed with a firm and expressive touch. The mysteries of light and air lie, however, outside the range of the painter's vision. His church interiors and his studies on the small canals, in which the most distant objects are not far removed from the eye, are accordingly more satisfactory than his more comprehensive views. The interior with two figures, "Cat and Mouse," and the drawings of "The Entrance to Palazzo Clari" and the "Ponte della Panada," are among the artist's best works. His skill in figure-painting is shown in a carefully-wrought study of a wrinkled old woman warming her hands over a *scaldino*; and in the half-length of a little girl attempting to carry a basin full of milk, and foolishly holding it pressed against her breast.

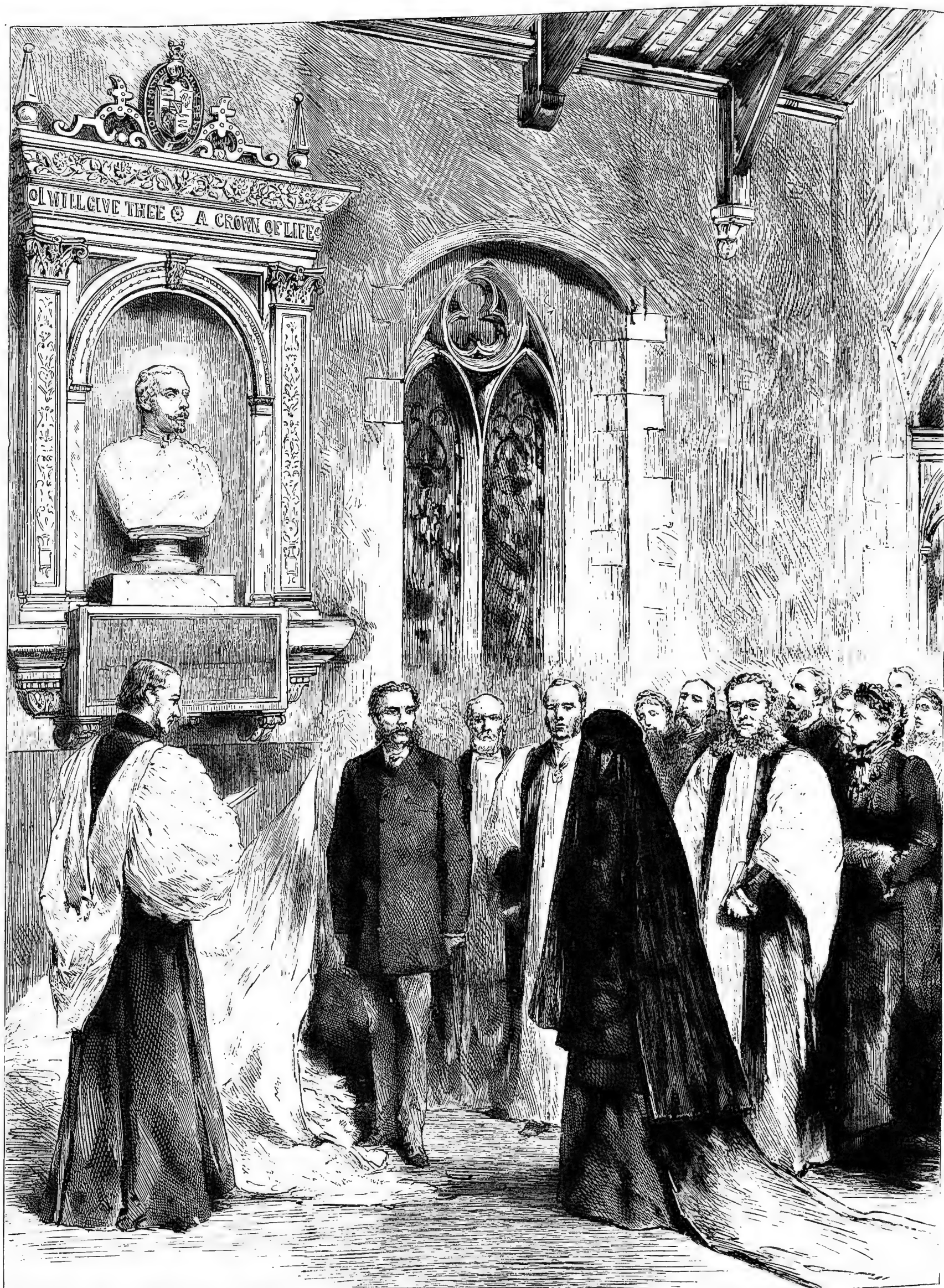


A lively little piece, entitled *A Peculiar Case*, music and libretto by George Grossmith and Arthur Law respectively, was produced at ST. GEORGE'S HALL by the German Reed company on Monday evening. There are only three characters, acted by Messrs. Alfred Reed, North Home, and Miss Fanny Holland. The plot turns on the well-known farical expedient of an ordinary visitor being mistaken for a doctor's patient, but the idea is skilfully worked out, and the piece serves as a pleasant introduction to *Old Knuckles*, which we noticed last week.



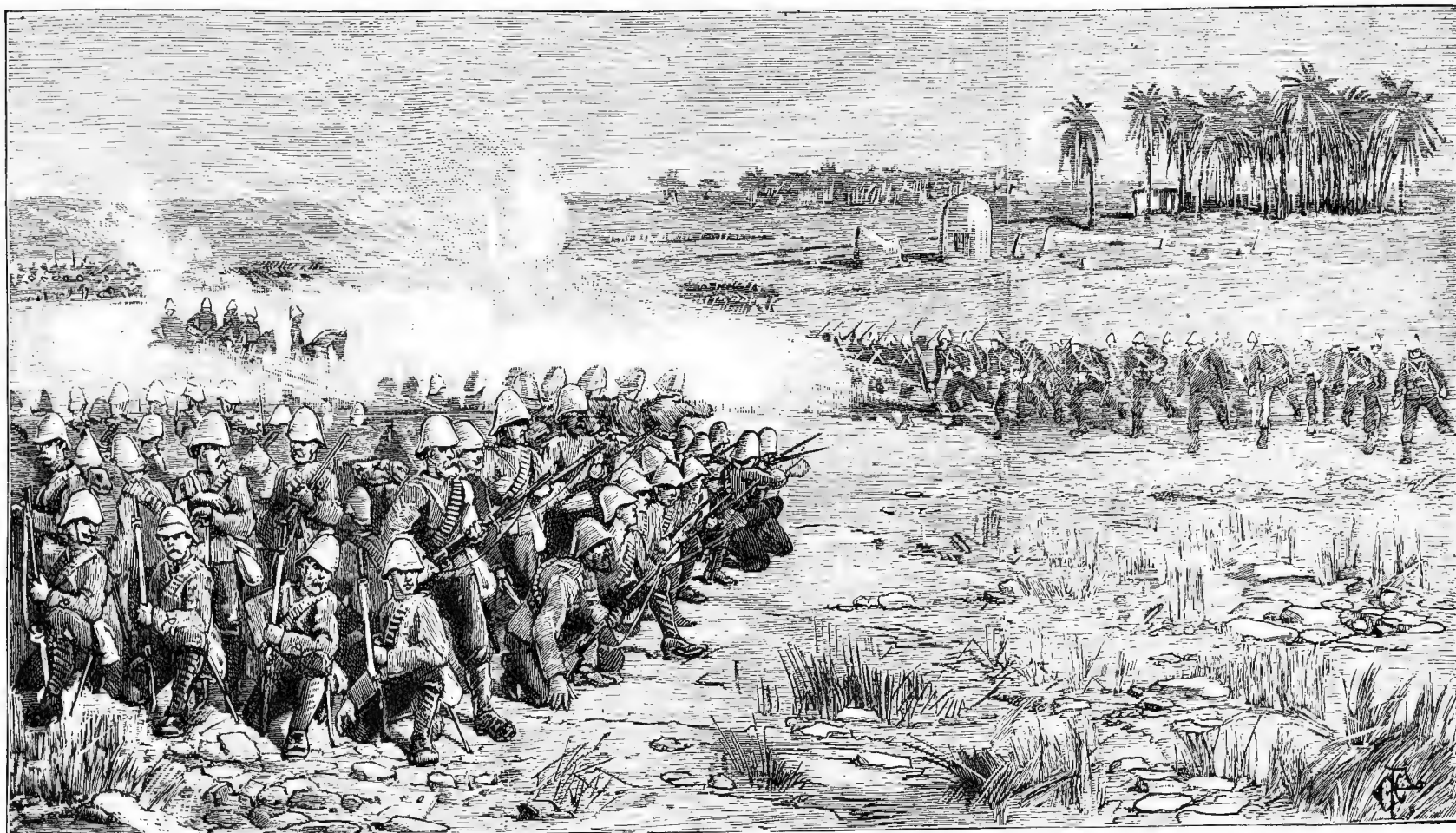
By A LARGE MAJORITY the Leicester Board of Guardians have determined (the Local Government Board aiding and abetting) to proceed against the local defaulters under the Vaccination Acts, who in that town are no fewer than 4,000.



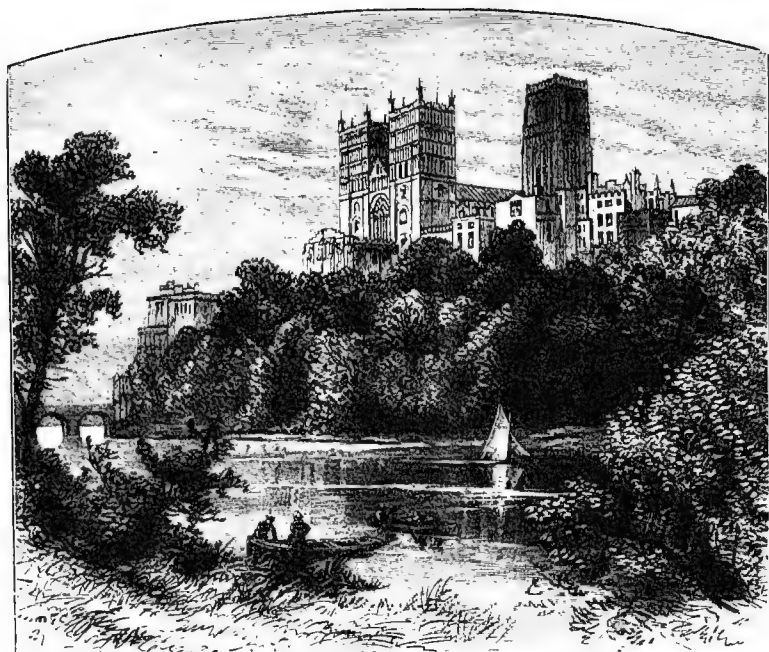


THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY UNVEILING THE MEMORIAL BUST OF THE LATE DUKE IN ESHER CHURCH

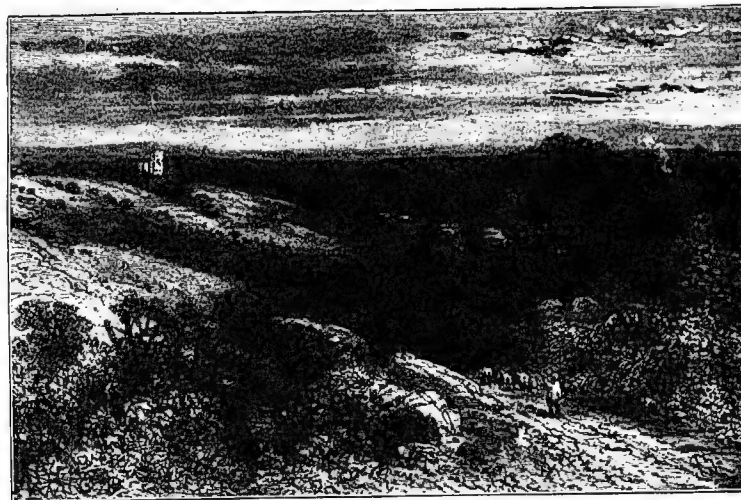




THE NILE EXPEDITION — A SHAM FIGHT BETWEEN THE CAMEL CORPS AND THE ROYAL SUSSEX REGIMENT  
FROM A SKETCH BY A MILITARY OFFICER



And, after many wanderings past,  
He chose his lordly seat at last,  
Where his cathedral, huge and vast,  
Looks down upon the Wear.



On Derby hills the paths are steep;  
In Ouse and Tyne the fords are deep;  
And many a banner will be torn,  
And many a knight to earth be borne,  
And many a sheet of arrows spent,  
Ere Scotland's king shall cross the Trent.



An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,  
Brawls over rock and wild cascade,  
And, foaming brown with doubled speed,  
Hurries its waters to the Tweed.



Where the huge Castle holds its state,  
And all the steep slope down,  
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,  
Piled deep and massy, close and high,  
Mine own romantic town!



## "FERISHTAH'S FANCIES" \*

ON laying down Mr. Browning's latest work, the first and most obvious question which will suggest itself to the reader is—Why "fancies?"—because, as a matter of fact, the utterances of the excellent Persian dervish are about as dogmatic assertions of his own superior knowledge as anything that ever issued from the Vatican. Can it be that the veteran poet was beguiled by the charms of "apt alliteration?" Let that pass. The book is, for the most part, a delightful one, less redolent of foggy philosophy, and more genuinely poetic, than anything which the author has given us for many a weary year; whilst who will not rejoice over the lyrics which show that the right hand has not yet lost its cunning? We honestly confess that the prologue or the epilogue are not to our taste; the former is too Hudibrastic in its laudation of roast ortolans, and the latter is hopelessly spoiled by its opening lines; but when we come to the main body of the poem the case is very different. Some may object that the thought embodied in the venerable sage's parables is rather that of an enlightened European philosopher of the present day than of an Oriental pundit of remote ages; but, however that may be, it is often true, noble, and worthy to be held in remembrance; whilst, to touch on the mere mechanical part, Mr. Browning's blank verse is polished and musical, and almost entirely free from the jerkiness which he has of late years so painfully affected. We think it was a pity to baffle general curiosity in places, and to cheat the ear by inserting Hebrew phrases in the original; because, after all, we have not all of us the author's wonderful acquaintance with Oriental tongues, and, failing explanatory notes, it is tantalising to sit and gaze wonderingly at the cabalistic symbols. But this may easily be amended in a future edition. The three finest passages in the volume are undoubtedly those in which Ferishtah lectures on the efficacy of prayer ("The Family"), on the existence of evil ("Mihrab Shah"), and on false asceticism ("Two Camels"); one or two lines in the last-named are admirable:

Do thy day's work, dare  
Refuse no help thereto,—since help refused  
Is hindrance sought and found.

But the second named is the best. We have space alone for the concluding passage of the argument, but therein lies the root of the matter:—

In the eyes of God  
Pain may have purpose and be justified.  
Man's sense avails to only see, in pain,  
A hateful chance no man, but would avert,  
Or, failing, needs must pity. Thanks to God  
And love to man—from man take these away,  
And what is man worth?

One seems to hear a lingering echo of sympathy with Arthur's last words in this fine passage. What shall be said of the lyrics, interspersed after the manner of those in the "Princess," save that they bring back to the poet's truest lovers that joy in his work which has for so long been denied them? What can be daintier than such songs as "Round us the wild creatures, overhead the trees," "You groped your way across my room," "Not with my soul, love?" Or, finest of all, that at page 139, which demands quotation, so far as regards the pathetic last stanza:

Loving! what claim to love has work of mine?  
Concede my life were emptied of its gains  
To furnish forth and fill work's strict confine,  
Who works so for the world's sake—he complains  
With cause when hate, not love, rewards his pains,  
I looked beyond the world for truth and beauty—  
Sought, found, and did my duty.

There is an Elizabethan ring about the lines, which might almost have been the poet's swan-song. Whilst he can write in the same strain, let us hope they are nothing of the sort.



## PASTIMES

**THE TURF.**—A filip was certainly given to steeple-chasing and hurdle-racing at the end of last week at Sandown, where some first-rate sport was witnessed, the size and quality of the fields being far above the standard. The race for the Great Sandown Steeple-chase, won by Kilworth, may be specially noted for the fact that the seven runners not only "stood up" for the four miles, but negotiated all the obstacles without the semblance of a mistake. Cortolvin distinguished himself by winning two races at the meeting; and at last Abbotsford (late Mistake) scored a victory in the handicap hurdle races, starting at 7 to 1, and beating a good field of seven. In the six events decided on the Saturday afternoon there were in all forty-eight runners. The erection of a guard rail before the water jump gave general satisfaction.—This week there has been a successful meeting at Kempton Park, which is always distinguished for its excellent management. The first day was somewhat marred by the rain, but our country cousins, now up for the Cattle Show, mustered well, and evidently enjoyed the sport. The racing does not call for any special remark, except that the Irish division has its fair share of the spoils, and that two American bred animals, Exchequer and Idea, were among the winners.—The Turf has lost a good supporter by the death of Lord Scarborough, though he was better known as a nominator and breeder than as an active participant in the pastime.

**FOOTBALL.**—A large number of games in the Association Cup Contest have been played off since our last issue. Among the results Old Westminster have beaten Henley, Queen's Park Crewe Alexandra, Upton Park Reading, Romford Dulwich, Swills South Reading, Nottingham Forest Sheffield Heeley; and Blackburn Rovers (the ex-holders) Blackburn Olympic (the holders), and Brentwood the Old Etonians.—In the London Cup Somerset and Old Etonians have again played a draw.—In an Association game Blackburn Olympic has suffered another defeat, Burnley beating them by two goals to one.—Under Rugby rules Oxford has beaten the Midland Counties and the sister University in the Annual Matches.

**LACROSSE.**—The increase in the number of Lacrosse players in the South of England has led to a movement towards the institution of county clubs, which in other pastimes fosters so proper an *esprit de corps*, and doubtless before long inter-county matches will be common among our athletic "fixtures."—Among recent matches of importance may be mentioned that between London and Dulwich, which was won by the former by four goals to none. The game, however, was well contested.—At Cambridge the University and the crack Nottingham team played a most interesting and eventually drawn game.

**AQUATICS.**—The Trial Eight of both Universities were rowed on Saturday last, the Oxford men again using the Moulford course near Wallingford, and the Cambridge the Adelaide course at Ely. In the Oxford race Balfour's (Trinity) crew beat Unwin's (Magdalen) by a length and a-half; and in the Cambridge race Bristow's (Trinity Hall) had an easier victory over Symonds' (St. John's) by four lengths. The general opinion seems to be that the Cambridge men fully came up to their friends' early estimates of them, while the Oxford rowing was better than anticipated.

\* "Ferishtah's Fancies." By Robert Browning. (London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1884.)

**CYCLING.**—Cyclists, and especially those interested in "Safety" bicycles, will find interest in the Six Days' Contest by professionals on these machines at the Westminster Aquarium, beginning on Monday next. The "high level" track recently made for the pedestrian tournament will be used. Howell, Keen, and other well-known names are on the list of entries.

**PEDESTRIANISM.**—As is generally the case after such contests as the recent "Long Distance" one at the Aquarium, the friends of the losers maintain that their men could have won under "such-and-such" circumstances. Littlewood's admirers, however, have intimated that they are quite ready to back their pet again for any amount.—From the other side of the Atlantic comes a challenge from John Hughes, of New York, "Champion Pedestrian of the World," to meet any Englishmen or Colonial in a "go-as-you-please" contest of from twenty-four hours to six days' duration.

**CHESS.**—The return match between Oxford University and City of London Chess Clubs has been won by the latter by six games to five.

**BILLIARDS.**—The record has again been beaten by J. Roberts, jun., who, on Tuesday evening last, at the Billiard Hall, Argyll Street, completed a spot-barred break of 360.

**LAWN TENNIS.**—At the annual meeting of the representatives of lawn tennis clubs held at the Charing Cross Hotel on Wednesday evening last, a proposition was made to form an "All England Lawn Tennis Association," into which the All England Lawn Tennis Club should be merged, and that the new Association should be recognised as the paramount authority in this game, as the M.C.C. in cricket. The motion was rejected, but it is probable that the movement will be kept up.



## RURAL NOTES

**CORN.**—The average price of English wheat has fallen to the extremely low figure of 30s. 10d. per qr., and this depreciated value still allows 67,970 qrs. to be brought to the statute market against 74,555 qrs. last year, when 40s. was quoted. Barley stands at 31s. 2d., and the deliveries are exceptionally large, 144,260 qrs. The sales of barley during October and November were very heavy, and the maintenance of fair prices through the period of largest deliveries is a matter for some satisfaction at a very gloomy time in agricultural history. Of oats the sales since harvest have been rather under expectation, yet prices have fallen to 19s. 2d., being 5d. under the extremely low rates of this time last year. The imports have been liberal, yet with maize dear and the winter upon us a higher price should now become obtainable for oats. Nor for oats only, but also for wheat. Buyers at present prices can afford to act with freedom, and so secure their position for the winter. The prevailing opinion is that while a mild winter can but leave the present low level of value unaffected, a severe winter would advance currencies.

**ENSILAGE.**—A remarkable Show of preserved fodder has just been held in London, the prize samples being exhibited at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, while the general body of exhibits have been shown at the Dairy Company's in Museum Street. There are 610 silos in the United Kingdom, and samples from more than a clear moiety have been represented. This is a truly extraordinary proportion, and witnesses to the intense interest taken in this new development of agriculture. The champion prize was won by Mr. John Swan, a well-known Lincolnshire lawyer and agriculturist, while the winners of prizes in the classes for different sorts of fodder include some of the most celebrated names in the agricultural world. Among the exhibits with which we were particularly struck were, besides Mr. Swan's of chaffed meadow grasses, those of Mr. Powell, Viscount Gage, Lord Londonderry, the Viscount de Chezelles, Mr. W. J. Harris, M.P., Lord Tollemache, and Mr. Grant. A great variety of grasses was shown, and clover, rye, buckwheat, and comfrey ensilage was represented. Cabbage ensilage attracted much attention, and is said to prove an excellent food. Lord Tollemache has secured an equal success with turnip tops, and in Kent the hop bine has been at last utilised in the omnivorous and all-improving silo.

**THE SIX POINTS** of the ensilage advocates have been thus enunciated:—1. Cattle, sheep, and horses enjoy it far more than other food, and the way in which they relish it would lead us to infer that it is especially good for them. 2. The whole crop is saved, including the seeds on the grass, which are most valuable food, and which in making hay are mostly lost. 3. Where corn is ensiled, the land can be cropped a second time in one year, and where seeds have been sown under the corn they will succeed much better in consequence of the early cutting of the corn crop. 4. The system leads to a great extension of dairy farming on a large scale, and will probably upset the notion that small farms are the system of the future. 5. It adds to the chance of making hay while the sun shines. The fact of cutting an overburdened crop of grass for ensilage enables it to be saved so as to leave strips all through the field for hay. This grass thus left can be at once spread out thin, and the time of saving be reduced by at least 50 per cent. 6. The crops being saved as cattle food in their very best form will produce for the farm a constant supply of that dressing which has never been surpassed for grass, namely, farmyard manure, and the poor worn-out meadows of our country will be renewed in the most profitable manner.

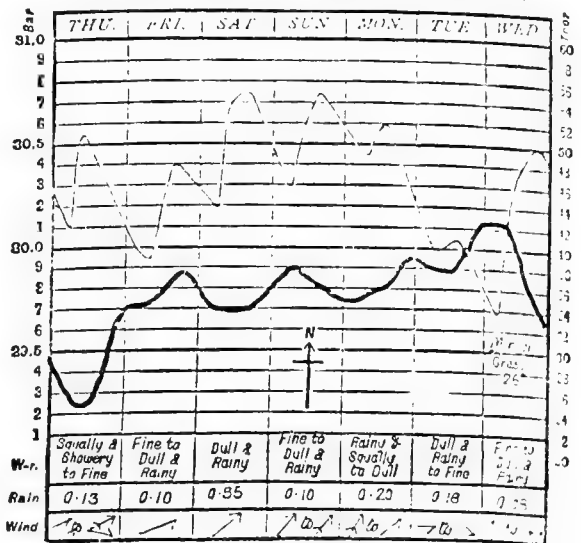
MR. WILLIAM J. HARRIS, M.P., produces a new Protectionist argument when he claims that there can be no true Free Trade until duties are imposed which will balance the home charges on agricultural protection. What these charges amount to he shows in a very interesting letter. They equal on the average about ten per cent., that is to say, 3d. on a bullock, 5s. on a sheep, 4s. on a quarter of wheat, and 3s. on a quarter of barley. When, says Mr. Harris, the Corn Laws were repealed, it was an understood thing that if freights from abroad did not act as a sufficient protection for the British farmer, he was to have relief from the internal burdens which fall upon his industry. Instead of these burdens being relieved they have been increased. The heavy taxation of agricultural improvements is argued by Mr. Harris to be another and a most serious drawback to agricultural prosperity. After expending much money in building immovable silos and in improving his farm, he is repaid by having his rates raised and taxes largely augmented. As he well contends this would be the most weighty deterrent to men of limited means.

**FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE** still lingers, but the three counties where it exists, Worcester, Nottingham, and Chester, are fortunately far apart, and represent merely isolated outbreaks. It is probable that disease in a mild form has been continuously existent in these counties, but from wilful neglect, or from want of recognising its true character, the cases have not been reported to the authorities. The infection can hardly have lain dormant for a couple of months, and then suddenly revealed itself.

**BROMPTON HOSPITAL.**—The third entertainment of the eighteenth annual season was given on Tuesday evening, and consisted of a brilliant concert by Mdle. Alice Roselli, who was ably supported by other performers.

## WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM DECEMBER 4 TO DECEMBER 10 (INCLUSIVE).



**EXPLANATION.**—The thick line shows the variations in the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The shaded area shows the range of temperatures for the same interval, and gives the minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

**REMARKS.**—During the past week the weather has been stormy in all parts of the United Kingdom. These conditions have been caused by the approach to our western and north-western shores of a depression from the Atlantic, all of which subsequently travelled away from our area in an easterly or east-north-easterly direction. At the close of the previous week a barometric disturbance had just passed across Scotland in a westerly direction to the North Sea, and at the commencement of the present week another journeyed over Ireland in much the same course, reaching the English coast on Friday morning (5th inst.). This depression caused very heavy rain from the westward on some parts of our southern and south-western coasts, and strong gales from the same quarter or north-west in Ireland, and the east of England. With the transference of this disturbance to the eastward recovery of pressure took place, with squally weather and a few light showers, but as a fresh depression appeared off our extreme northern coasts (6th inst.), the barometer again fell generally. Strong south-westerly gales were now felt in many parts of the country, with some fair weather on the east coast, but dull and wet weather elsewhere, and thunderstorms on the north-west of Ireland and north of Scotland. These conditions continued on Tuesday (6th inst.), when a shallow depression was found over the English Channel and north-west of France, and while moderate or fresh south-westerly and westerly winds prevailed over Great Britain, south-westerly gales were experienced in the Bay of Biscay. The week closed with a depression off our north-western coasts, a falling barometer, and south-westerly gales at most of our western and north-western stations, with rain; and these conditions seemed likely to spread over the greater part of the country. Rain has fallen at almost all of our stations, the largest amount (1.25 inches) being recorded at Ardrossan on Monday morning (8th inst.). Temperature has risen considerably since last week, and has been some degrees above the average. The barometer was highest (30.15 inches) on Wednesday (6th inst.); lowest (29.85 inches) on Thursday (4th inst.); range, 0.30 inches. Temperature was highest (55°) on Saturday (8th inst.) and Sunday (7th inst.); lowest (34°) on Wednesday (6th inst.); range, 21°. Rain fell on seven days. Total amount, 1.14 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.35 inches, on Saturday (6th inst.).

**SUNDRIES.**—The Art Union of London has chosen a very interesting subject for their picture this year, viz., "The Attack of the Vanguard on the Spanish Armada in 1588." The painting is by Mr. Oswald W. Brierly, the engraving by Mr. A. Wilton. Both painter and engraver are at their happiest in this composition.—*Vanity Fair Album* (12, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden) has now reached its sixteenth annual publication. We have once or twice in former years complained that all the first-rate celebrities had been used up, and that the accomplished editor had been forced to obtain the majority of his lifelike portraits from persons better known to Society than to the world at large. In the present instance we are glad to note a reversion to the old state of things. First-rate personages are necessarily never numerous; nevertheless, we have here a large percentage of contemporaries in whom most people are interested. We will merely mention a few names:—The Empress of Austria, Lady Florence Dixie, Mrs. W. W. W. W., Emperor of Russia, the Duc d'Aumale, Sir Donald Currie, Lord Thord Rogers, Mr. Warton, Mr. Gordon Bennett, of the *Financial Herald*, Mr. Herkomer, Count Von Moltke, Mr. Oscar Wilde, Mr. Bonnor, the cricketer, and Mr. W. G. George, the politician. The drawings are capital, and "Jehu Junior's" appended remarks incisive as of yore.—The *Gipsy* emanates from Charterhouse, where it is published thrice a year. The second number, which is now before us, is a most creditable specimen of illustrated journalism, but it can scarcely be regarded as a genuine schoolboy entertainment. Most of the contributors are Old Carthusians. Mr. Owen's "Lifeboat," Mr. Waddington's Belgian sketches, Mr. St. Robert's monochrome drawing of "La Grande Chartreuse," and "Gamma's" comic continental etchings are all good in their various ways. The number is enriched by a facsimile of a page of Thackeray's handwriting, taken from "The Newcomes." Mr. Cremer, jun., sends us a box of toys, which we have not time to open and examine, but no doubt they are very pretty and ingenious.—Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. have brought out an album of the Thames containing chromo-lithographic views of the historic places on the river. The pictures are pretty enough, but these illustrated albums are becoming rather a wearisome thing. Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode send us a selection of very pretty Christmas and New Year cards, and some new circular doilies and calendars of good design.—From Messrs. T. Pettitt and Co. we have received a set of excellent diaries and "blotting-paper" and "brancers." The "Court Diary and Engagement-book" is especially pretty and useful.—We have to acknowledge the receipt of a number of handsome diaries and pocket-books from Messrs. De La Rue & Co., which are fully equal to those we have received in former years. The pocket-book purses combine the highly ornamental with the eminently useful, being handsomely bound in leather, and containing a great amount of information in brief. The diaries for ladies' work-baskets are particularly handy; the date cards sent by the same firm are as tastefully designed as ever.—Messrs. Lett, Son, and Co. send us a collection of office diaries of all sorts and sizes, ranging from weighty volumes intended for office use to useful little card-case almanacks, containing amongst other things two ivory tablets for memoranda.—The "Indian and Colonial Manual and Diary," published by Arthur H. Wheeler and Co., will be found especially useful to those who have interests in Great Britain, as it contains a carefully-compiled descriptive and statistical account of British possessions in all parts of the world.—A useful household diary is "Howell's Housekeeper's Account Book," published by Virtue and Co., which contains tables showing the amounts expended during the year, together with a marketing table, and some interesting notes on household economy.—For country folk Messrs. S. Hildesheimer and Co. have published a "Race and Chase" block calendar for 1885, composed of a leaf for every day containing the date, and a special maxim, proverb, or quotation.—Finally, we should acknowledge a parcel from Messrs. G. Sparang, napane and Co., containing samples of their latest Christmas novelties in the shape of the ever-popular Christmas crackers, which are sure to find favour with young folks during the ensuing Christmas festive gatherings.













THE JOHNSON CENTENARY—DR. JOHNSON AND BOSWELL IN FLEET STREET

BOSWELL: "I talked of the cheerfulness of Fleet Street, owing to the constant quick succession of people which we perceive passing through it JOHNSON: 'Why, Sir, Fleet Street has a very animated appearance: but I think the full tide of human existence is at Charing Cross

DRAWN BY CHARLES GREEN





DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

“Elliston received a straight left-hander in the chest that sent him back reeling.”

# FROM POST TO FINISH:

A RACING ROMANCE

By HAWLEY SMART,

AUTHOR OF "BREEZIE LANGTON," "BOUND TO WIN," "THE GREAT TONTINE," "AT FAULT," &c.

## CHAPTER XLII. (continued)

A MINUTE or two later, and followed by a servant, bearing a tray with all the apparatus for coffee, Miss Dollie entered.

“God bless my soul, what a pretty girl you have grown!” exclaimed Elliston, honestly surprised to see how the girl’s beauty had ripened within the last few months. “Upon my word, my dear, we must see about finding a husband for you.”

“You’re very good, Mr. Elliston,” replied Dollie, with a coquettish toss of her head, “but pray don’t trouble yourself.”

“Ah! you think you can manage that for yourself, eh?” replied Elliston, laughing.

“I don’t think it will be necessary to call in assistance, at all events. Will you take sugar?”

“No, thank you. But what have you been doing to yourself, child, to make yourself so much handsomer?”

“Riddleton air and morning gallops, I suppose,” replied the girl; “but I flattered myself I wasn’t so much amiss before.”

“Nor more you were, Dollie,” said Elliston, as he threw away the end of his cigar, and rose from his chair. “You’ve got lovely hair, child,” and as he spoke he passed his hand caressingly over it.

“Don’t, please, Mr. Elliston,” cried the girl, instinctively shrinking back, and glancing up at his flushed face with dismay.

“Pooh, Dollie, you little prude. I’ve stroked your hair many a time as a child, when it wasn’t so well worth stroking as it is now, and kissed you too, my dear, when you were not quite so well worth kissing as you are now,” and as he spoke Elliston suddenly passed his arm round the girl’s waist, and pressed his sherry-tainted lips to hers.

Dollie gave a half cry, and tried fiercely to thrust back the aggressor, but he was too strong for her, and holding her fast in his arms, repeated the offence with the brutal taunt, “Bah, you little idiot, your mother would never have made so much fuss about such a trifle.”

As he spoke the sash of the window was thrown quite up. A slight figure sprang through it, and as Elliston turned to confront the new comer he received a straight left-hander in the chest that sent him back reeling.

“Oh, Gerald, Gerald, what have you done? Oh, please, please,” cried Dollie, bursting into tears.

“Done!” exclaimed Gerald, in tones hoarse with passion, “done my best to knock down the biggest blackguard in England.”

Elliston recovered himself with a mighty effort. His eyes gleamed with fury, and in a low grating voice he said, “You young scoundrel; you shall pay for this,” and gathering himself together was about to rush on his antagonist.

But quick as thought Gerald passed Dollie behind him, and, throwing himself into fighting attitude, coolly awaited the rush of his cousin. Despite his superior size, height, and it may be presumed strength, Elliston suddenly realised that Gerald’s chastisement was not a thing to be lightly accomplished. He saw at a glance that Gerald could use his hands. Thrashing him off-hand was one thing, but a stand-up fight was rather too undignified a proceeding at his age. Mastering his rage with a mighty effort, he exclaimed with a bitter sneer, “I congratulate you upon having so thoroughly acquired the habits of the class to which you belong, but gentlemen don’t settle their differences in that fashion. Adieu Miss Dollie. I dare say Forrest will find you by no means so coy with your kisses.”

Gerald started, and was about to rush upon his cousin, but Dollie’s hand upon his arm restrained him. He made no further answer than a contemptuous smile, while Elliston, after one glance to gauge the effects of his Parthian dart, stalked angrily from the room.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

GOING FOR THE GLOVES

ELLISTON left the house in search of the trap that was to convey him to the station literally swelling with indignation. This whelp of a boy seemed to confront him at every turn, and, what was worse, to checkmate him. From winning a big stake to the buying of Cranley, or snatching a kiss from Dollie Greyson, Gerald was always in his way. He felt that there was nothing he would shrink from to work woe to his cousin, but Gerald was under the wing of Lord Whitby, and had achieved a position besides of his own that made him tolerably unassailable. Still, as he bade the trainer good-bye, he bethought him of a thorn to plant in Gerald’s breast.

“Good-bye, Greyson,” he said, “we shall win the Cambridge-shire, never fear, and winter in clover; but I’ve got one hint to give you. I see that young Rockingham is hanging round here

after your daughter. That will do her no good. He was as wild as a hawk at college, and, like all his stock, is pretty unscrupulous with regard to women. A hint’s enough to a man of your experience. Lock up your daughter, and hunt that young reprobate off the premises. You’ll find him kissing her in the dining-room now, most likely,” and before Greyson could reply Elliston jumped into the trap and was gone.

This was too much in accord with his own ideas not to make the trainer very uncomfortable. He did not even know that Gerald was at Riddleton, the note that summoned him from the dining-room relating only to the delivery of some forage. As he strolled back to the house across the grass plot he mused rather grimly over the unfortunate entanglement of his daughter’s, and at last, happening to raise his eyes, saw through the open window the tableau Elliston had so deftly painted to him. There was Gerald in most lover-like attitude with his arm round Dollie’s waist, and unmistakably kissing her.

This was too much for Greyson’s equanimity. He dashed into the house, and entered the dining-room abruptly. Dollie made an attempt to extricate herself from her lover’s embrace on seeing him, but Gerald held her fast.

“Mr. Rockingham,” said the trainer, “I’ll have none of this. I told you so as Jim Forrest, and I tell you so much more strongly now I know who you are. I’ll not have my girl’s head turned with your nonsense. She may be but a giddy little simpleton, but she is my daughter, and all I have got.”

“Oh, father, hear me,” cried Dollie, for there was a touch of pathos in the hard old man’s voice that went to her heart. “No, let me go to him, Gerald,” but her lover still held her tight.

“Go to your room at once,” rejoined Greyson, “and you, sir, don’t attempt to detain her. I will send you to the station, but never let me catch you on Riddleton Moor again.”

Dollie at last twisted herself out of her lover’s embrace, and was about to rush across to her father when Gerald caught her wrist and exclaimed, “Stay. Mr. Greyson, there’s no harm in kissing the girl you are pledged to marry. I have promised to take Dollie for my wife if you will give her to me.”

“Mighty pretty words,” rejoined the trainer roughly, “such as young gentlemen of your class think it no harm to pour into the ears of foolish girls beneath them. Do you suppose for one instant



that your own people would allow you to make such a marriage as that?"

"I know in a few months I shall be of age, and that nobody will be able to prevent me. Besides, Dollie will tell you that she has already been welcomed as my future wife by my mother and sister."

"It's true, father, it is indeed; they were most kind."

"And do you mean to tell me that they knew that Dollie was the daughter of Bill Greyson, the trainer?"

"Certainly, I do," replied Gerald; "just as much as they know that I am Jim Forrest, the jockey."

For a minute or two Greyson stood silently glancing from one to the other of them. He could not quite take in the reality of the situation. It seemed to him almost absurd to talk of a Rockingham marrying a daughter of his; and yet, surely, if there were nothing in it, Mrs. Rockingham would hardly have welcomed Dollie as the girl declared she had. Pooh! they were young in the ways of the world; and because Mrs. Rockingham had been good-natured and kind to his little girl, and perhaps smiled at their philandering, they had both jumped to the conclusion that she would be pleased to receive her as a daughter-in-law. And then Elliston's parting admonition recurred to him. Yes; it was much more likely that young Rockingham was just amusing himself with a flirtation.

"Mr. Greyson, will you give me Dollie?" said Gerald after some length, and still holding the girl's hand.

"I think not. I'll take some little time to consider; but I don't believe any good would come of such a marriage. Mr. Elliston warned me just before he started against letting you make a fool of my girl."

"Cuthbert Elliston!" exclaimed Gerald; "the scoundrel!—what has he to do with it?"

"He's one of your family anyhow. It was he told me you were here, and that I should find you both billing and cooing in the parlour."

"And did he tell you that I nearly knocked him down for his impudent behaviour to your daughter?" interposed Gerald hotly.

"What?" exclaimed Greyson sharply.

"Indeed," said Dollie; "Mr. Elliston was very rude to me, and I was very glad when Gerald jumped in at the window."

"I only know," said Gerald, "I found my precious cousin—who has a wife of his own, remember—making the most violent love to Dolly, very much to her annoyance; and that I did my best to knock him down—and all but succeeded."

"Ah! you struck him," said Greyson between his set teeth; "that was well done," he added after a pause.

"And now, Mr. Greyson, will you give me Dollie?" said Gerald.

"Go to your room, girl; and leave Mr. Rockingham and me to talk matters over. You needn't be afraid, child; we're not going to quarrel."

Dollie made no reply; but, with a bright smile at her lover, tripped out of the dining-room.

"Now, Greyson," said Gerald, "I have come here for a good long talk with you about more things than one. First, I am in thorough earnest about wishing to marry your daughter. I have taken her to see my mother and sister; they both like her, and will be very glad to welcome her into the family of which, remember, I am now the head. As for my rascally cousin, he ruined my father, and would do the same by me if he could. He has nothing to do with our concerns further than to pay us some, at all events, of what he owes us. I can't marry Dolly yet for some months, at all events; I think it best to stick to my profession closely for a little longer, so you will have time to consider the subject. That's finished for the present. Of course we shall correspond; it's no use your saying we shan't, because in these days that never prevents young people, who are fond of one another, doing it—promotes duplicity, nothing more. Now, is the Dancer still yours?"

"Yes, worse luck; and likely to continue so. I had hopes when I saw they were backing him a bit for the Cambridgeshire that somebody might be disposed to make a bid of some sort; but nobody speaks."

"And he's quite well?"

"Well? Of course he is. Ask Dollie, she gallops him every morning. The beggar never looked better."

"You don't mean to say you put her up on that queer-tempered animal?" exclaimed Gerald.

"No," replied Greyson, "but she took advantage of my absence to put herself up, and there's no nonsense about it, he goes better with her than he ever did with any one, not barring yourself, Mr. Rockingham."

"Good. Now, Greyson, the Cambridgeshire betting about the Dancing Master, as far as it has gone, represents pretty well my commission. Somebody, of course, has been clever enough to risk a little about the thing on spec, with the haziest intentions as to what he was speculating in. Some one always does. But I have got on the Dancer to win a rattling stake as it is, and if I find him what I hope, can easily get a good bit more at a longish price. You mean to run him, of course. With seven stone twelve the race is a gift to him if he chooses."

"Just so, if he chooses, but he never does choose. No, he's not worth sending to Newmarket, Mr. Rockingham; and what's more, we've got another here we think quite good enough to serve our turn."

"Yes, I know. Cuthbert has backed Caterham to win him a lot of money, but my impression is that the Dancer is a tremendous horse when he runs kind. He'd beat Caterham far enough at even weights, though the latter's a good horse, too. You've not promised he shan't go to Newmarket, have you?"

"No, certainly not. I told Mr. Elliston I had no intention of sending him there; but he knows the horse is for sale, and if any one buys him, I can't be answerable for what his new owner may think fit to do."

"But still he's your horse. You're quite within your right in beating Mr. Elliston, if you can, for a good stake like the Cambridgeshire."

"I tell you, sir, he's no good. With his temper, he'd never try in a big field such as there will be for that race."

"Recollect," replied Gerald, impressively, "the only time the Dancer ever won I rode him. Recollect how he recognised my voice the other day in the stable. I don't pretend my riding had anything to do with his winning, but simply the horse knew me, and did for me what he has done for nobody else."

"There may be something in that," rejoined the trainer, musingly, "but hang it, I don't like interfering with stable tactics."

"Then," said Gerald, "I ask you to choose between my interests and Cuthbert Elliston's, between the interests of the man who insulted your daughter and the interests of the man who hopes to marry—"

Greyson started as if stung.

"Yes," he rejoined, in stern, resolute tones, "that settles it. If I can beat him fairly for the Cambridgeshire, by — I will. Mr. Rockingham, play your game as you like. You can depend upon me, bar accidents, to hand you over the Dancing Master when the saddling-hell rings as fit as hands can make him, with no other orders than win if you can. There's my hand, sir."

The two exchanged hand grips, and then the trainer said:

"Tell me it's not lying in the face of your own people, and will do you no harm with them, and, after the Cambridgeshire, if

you ask me for Dollie again, Mr. Rockingham, I'll give her you, win or lose."

"That's a bargain, Mr. Greyson," said Gerald, as they once more shook hands.

"And now I'll send Dollie to you. She can tell you more about the Dancer than I can, but I do believe this, that he's a good deal better than Caterham if he will try," and with this dubious assurance the trainer left the room.

Dollie was not very far off, and reappeared speedily at her father's summons.

"It's all right, darling," cried Gerald joyously, as he clasped the girl in his arms and kissed her. "Your father's behaved like a trump. I'm to marry you after the Cambridgeshire; and the Dancer's to win it; and I'm going to land money enough to buy back Cranley Chase. I'm pretty sure Whithy don't really want it, and would let me have it for what he gave for it. I'm a great favourite with the old lord."

"Oh, Gerald! if you could! How proud I should feel then that it was at my recommendation you turned jockey!"

"You may feel proud of that as it is, sweet," replied her lover; "but your father tells me you've been riding the Dancer, and that he goes tolerably quiet with you."

"Yes: he kicks and plunges, of course, and he sulks a bit with me at starting; but he goes very well with me when we are fairly off; and, Gerald, I never was on the back of such a galloper!"

"Do you find him pull much?"

"No; and that has been the mistake with him all along. He's a rather delicate mouth, and likes to have his head. If you pull at him with that heavy bit and bridle he puts on him, he gets mad, and then you know neither man nor horse ever feels pain. I have gone on riding him in that way; but then you know how light a woman's hand is. Gerald dear, take my advice, and put a plain snaffle on him for the Cambridgeshire."

"I dare say you're right, Dollie. Your father, though he hadn't quite mastered the theory, had always an inkling of it. 'Leave him alone,' were his orders before the Two Thousand; 'he may win the race himself, but you won't make him.' As a stable-boy I rode him strictly according to orders, only too anxious no fault should be found with me in that respect; as a jockey, I might have had ideas of my own on the subject, and, hard as I always try to carry out my employer's instructions, there are times when to stick to them seems to be throwing the race away, and sometimes actually is. Neither owner, trainer, nor any one else can foresee the turns-up in a race, nor the way in which it will be run. It may be run all false; and a clever jockey, who knows his business, sees his one chance is to throw all orders to the wind, and rely on his own judgment. You are told to wait; but know amongst your antagonists there's one with a terrible turn of speed, and there's nothing will make the running. Your only chance is to do it yourself, and stand the abuse if you're unsuccessful. But forgive me, Dollie; I am delivering quite a sermon on my own profession; it's a profession I love, and can't help getting a little enthusiastic about."

"And do you think I'm not proud of the name you've made in it? I believe I think more of Jim Forrest, if possible, than Gerald Rockingham."

"And Gerald's not jealous of Jim," replied her lover laughing. "And now, dearest, it's time I was off; but mind, Dollie, you must be there to see me win the Cambridgeshire. Tell your father it must be so. I shan't see you again till we meet at Newmarket; and then hey! for winning the last big handicap of the season and Cranley Chase."

"Here's the Cambridgeshire and Cranley Chase!" cried Dollie, snatching a wine-glass from the luncheon table and waving it over her head. "*Vive la guerre!* and success to the sky-blue and white."

"Good-bye, dearest," said Gerald, as he once more clasped his fiancée in his arms; "and God grant your toast may prove true. Take care of the Dancer for me; and mind you are there in the Houghton week."

One more kiss, and Gerald Rockingham was gone, and Dollie, dropping into a chair, was soon lost in the sweetest of dreamy reveries.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

### AT THE RUTLAND ARMS

THE Monday of the Houghton Meeting has come at last, and the week gives promise of capital sport. Never had the betting on the Cambridgeshire been heavier, and never perhaps had the early backers experienced more discomfitures. Favourite after favourite was sent to the right about either from having failed to stand a preparation, or in consequence of owners finding themselves so forestalled by the rapacity of the public that it was impossible to obtain a fair and reasonable price about their horses. This naturally gave fresh courage to the bookmakers, and the big handicap could boast now of a very elastic market.

The principal feature on the Heath on Monday between the intervals of racing was a strong desire to back the Dancing Master, a thing that astonished Messrs. Elliston and Pearson not a little. They could not make out exactly who was doing it. Mr. Johnson, no doubt, was picking up the long odds at every favourable opportunity, but there were more Richmonds in the field than one, and before the racing finished and the crowd flocked back to spruce little Newmarket the Dancing Master had been brought from the forty to one division to something like over half the price. All sorts of rumours were current about him. It was reported that there had been a great trial at Riddleton, and that Caterham, one of the prominent favourites, had been well beaten by his stable companion. That the horse was not known to have arrived was nothing. Bill Greyson and his string were not expected till the afternoon, and it was quite likely might not arrive till the next day, the Cambridgeshire being set for Wednesday's card. Ere they reached the Rutland Elliston and his partner had learnt upon unimpeachable authority that Greyson had arrived, and brought the Dancing Master with him as well as Caterham.

Over their dinner that evening the two indulged in various conjectures as to the meaning of this freak of old Bill's. The most probable solution in their eyes was that he had sold the horse, and that his new owner had thrown the commission into the market. Well, they agreed it was not likely to signify much.

"Some new young one anxious to distinguish himself by winning a big race first time of asking," said Elliston: "He's likely to pay dearly for his whistle, what with the money the Ring take out of him over it, and the price old Greyson has probably put that worthless brute into him at; if he don't have an expensive race on Wednesday I'm much mistaken."

"Greyson, of course, will be up to see us about breakfast-time to-morrow. It's no use speculating about who he's made a fool of over the Dancing Master; let's go down to the Rooms and see what's doing."

"All right," replied Elliston, as he lit a fresh cigar, "come along."

Business at the Rooms was in a languid state when the partners reached them. A good many of the leading bookmakers were there discussing the events of the day, but none of the leading dons of the racing world had as yet put in an appearance. The former were apparently no little exercised in their minds about the mysterious apparition of the Dancing Master in the betting-market. It was

now known that the horse had arrived, but in whose interest he was running, and who was to ride him, were matters that seemed to trouble the minds of the leading magnates of the Ring no little. Elliston was at once hailed with proffers of odds against the Dancing Master, but the refusal of both himself and Pearson to invest on his chance seemed once more to puzzle the very suspicious members of Tattersall's—sensitive ever from long experience of dynamite mines of this nature exploded upon them at the moment. True, he had shown himself thoroughly unreliable on account of temper for at least two years, but he had proved himself, and very unexpectedly too, a great horse upon one occasion, and the brethren of the mystic circle are bound to keep such facts with their memories, or break.

But soon after ten Sir Marmaduke, accompanied by Farrington, and two other of his friends, strolled in, and the listlessness that rather characterised the proceedings was put aside. So far as had been very little business doing, nothing except desultory betting had been the outcome of the evening. But the Baronet had, it is said, the Ring too often not to make his advent a matter of interest. They knew very well that he had experienced a most disastrous year, and that his own stable was under one of those periods of blights that such establishments suffer from. But Sir Marmaduke was rather catholic in his taste for speculation, and by no means confined his operations to backing his own horses. Heavy as though he undoubtedly was on the season, yet he had enjoyed gleams of sunshine, and had made the very Ring open its eyes with the daring plunges he had made on some of Lord Whithy's "long things." When he laid five to one in thousands on a colt of the nobleman's for the New Stakes at Ascot, the racing world marvelled; but when he followed it up by betting seven thousand to four on the winner of the Gold Cup, the old hands shook their heads, and said that though in these two instances fortune had favoured him, yet Nemesis would surely overtake one who wooed the fickle goddess so rashly.

"Dancing Master for the Cambridgeshire?" he said quietly to one of the boldest of the bookmaking fraternity.

"Twenty to one, Sir Marmaduke. Do you want it to money?" was the reply.

"I'll take it in thousands," rejoined the Baronet.

"Can't do it, Sir Marmaduke. I haven't so much money left to lay. Shall I put down twenty monkeys? Ten thousand to one hundred is a nice bet."

The Baronet nodded, and almost immediately afterwards the languid voice of Captain Farrington was heard inquiring after the Dancing Master, and he, too, was accommodated upon similar terms. It was speedily apparent that the little coterie of which Sir Marmaduke was the guiding star were all intent upon backing this horse, and the odds shortened rapidly. Still the fielders continued to lay the lessening price. They recalled how these very men had put faith in the Dancing Master at Ascot, and how he had proved but a broken reed to them then. However, sheer weight of money tells in the betting-ring just as it does on the Stock Exchange, and "the bulls" upon this occasion brought the Dancing Master down to one taken freely before they closed the operations.

"What do you think of all this?" said Pearson, as the pair strolled home to the Rutland.

"Think?" answered Elliston, irritably; "I think that Sir Marmaduke means to have another shy with the Dancing Master, that though he sent him back to Riddleton he never gave up his control of the horse, and that all Bill Greyson's story about his being in the sale list was gammon, or at all events premature. I shall give that old villain a pretty stiff corner of my mind to-morrow."

"I wonder who rides?" said Pearson.

"Oh! Blackton, no doubt. He's Sir Marmaduke's first jockey, and will probably declare three or four pounds over weight. But he didn't do much with the horse in the Hunt Cup."

"No," said Pearson, as he rang for a brandy and seltzer, that peaceful haven, the Rutland, being at length attained, "but I've an unpleasant presentiment that cursed grey will trouble us somehow in the big race on Wednesday. He'll knock our horse down, or run away from the lot, as he did in the Guineas two years ago. By the way, I hope young Rockingham won't have the mount."

"No fear. He quarrelled with Sir Marmaduke about something, and hasn't worn his colours the last year or more. Just the young beggar's luck. He got Whithy's riding instead. Left the sinking ship just in time to join another that had both royals and sun-sails set."

"And the lad knows how to follow his luck," said Pearson, moodily. "If by any fluke that boy's on the Dancing Master I shall cover my money by backing him for a little."

"You always did funk," sneered Elliston; "but I don't think, unless the horse is, as I guess, still Sir Marmaduke's, old Greyson will send him to the post after all."

"He will," rejoined Pearson. "He daren't bring him to Newmarket and not run him. Now I'm off to bed. Good-night."

The attorney was up and out on the Heath betimes to see and hear what was doing, and astonished his partner on his return with a little with the intelligence that Jim Forrest was to ride the Dancing Master.

"At least, that's what I heard this morning, and everybody's puzzled to know who's pulling the strings. He was out this morning, and looked fit as fiddles, but showed a deal of temper till Farnes got on him. He did a nice canter with him, and went fairly well. Greyson's coming up to see us about ten."

"And Caterham?"

"Went a good strong gallop, and looks fit to run for a king. Greyson says he never was better."

They were still dawdling over their cigars and the card of the day when the trainer was announced, and at once proceeded to give due account of his charges, all of whom he pronounced emphatically thoroughly fit to meet their engagements, especially the Cambridgeshire crack, Caterham. "Though," he added, "they tell me the consequence of what took place at the Rooms last night, that a grey of mine looks like passing him in the betting."

"Oh, I want to speak to you about that," said Elliston, sharply.

"Has Sir Marmaduke anything to do with the horse now?"

"Nothing whatever, sir."

"Then what the devil did you send that satanic-tempered brute here for, after telling me you didn't intend to?"

"I changed my mind. My horse happens to be very well, and I don't see why I shouldn't have a cut in for a stake worth over a thousand," replied Greyson, doggedly. "You've no call to complain about Caterham, he's just about as fit as I know how to make him. It's not very likely the Dancer will beat you, but I warn you he can if he likes."

"And pray may I ask whether it is from your inspiration that Sir Marmaduke and his friends are plunging on the Dancer in this manner?"

"No, sir, I honestly don't know what has induced Sir Marmaduke and his friends to back the horse in the way I hear they did last night. But it was from no hint of mine. He'll run, but I don't much believe in him."

"And suppose I tell you that I particularly wish that he should not run. What then?"

"I shall be sorry to disoblige you, Mr. Elliston, but I've brought him to Newmarket, and he'll run all the same," replied Greyson, quietly.

"A plant, by Heaven!" cried Elliston, fiercely. "My horse, I presume, has been sacrificed to yours."



"Nothing of the sort, sir," replied Greyson. "Yours is as well as ever he was in his life. The two have never been put together, and it's sheer guess work on my part that the grey's the best."

"And is that young whelp, Forrest, to ride the Dancer?" snarled Elliston.

"Mr. Rockingham is to ride my horse. I don't know about his being a young whelp, or a young anything else," rejoined Greyson, pretty sharply. "I do know that he's about the best jockey of the day, and that if he gets well away, and the Dancer runs kind, he'll spread-eagle his field to-morrow."

"With those views we may say, I think, Pearson, that he trains no more for us?"

"No," said the attorney, with a malicious grin, "and if the Dancing Master does win the Cambridgeshire, perhaps Mr. Greyson will have cause to wish he had yielded to wiser counsels."

"I've not forgotten that I'm your debtor, Mr. Pearson, but I'll take my chance. I daresay, if it comes to the worst, I shall find friends to assist me in meeting my liabilities. Good morning, gentlemen."

"A case of mutiny, by Jove!" exclaimed Elliston, as the door closed behind the trainer.

"It's your own fault in great measure," said Pearson, savagely. "If you hadn't given Greyson that cursed grey colt we should have been masters of the situation."

"And intend to be so still. But do you honestly think there's a chance of the Dancing Master beating us?"

"Yes," replied Pearson, "I do. I wouldn't back the horse, he's so thoroughly uncertain; but I agree with Greyson, that he's a great horse when he likes, probably the best we ever had at Riddleton. It's an old axiom—never overlook an animal's best form. I never saw the Two Thousand easier won, and remember, subsequent running showed that he had a good field behind him. I wish heartily that he wasn't going to start."

As he spoke the door opened softly, and Dollie, who was in search of her father, peeped in.

"We never had such a chance," continued the attorney, "and it would be too provoking, after having got on to win such a big stake so cleverly, to have the prize snatched from our grasp by that perverse-tempered brute. I can't imagine what has made Greyson so contumacious. There's something behind I don't understand."

Cuthbert Elliston did not think it necessary to enlighten his partner about that little *contretemps* up at Riddleton, though he had no doubt that his folly there had caused this combination against him. Dollie had no doubt told her father what had occurred, and Gerald had persuaded the trainer to repay the affront put upon his daughter in this fashion.

"That blackguard young villain," he muttered, "planned this pretty little scheme for my discomfiture."

"It don't much matter what's the cause, Sam," he said at last. "If Greyson won't take orders he must take the consequences. I'll take care the Dancing Master don't start. Listen to me," and he lowered his voice, so that Dollie could no longer catch what he was saying.

But the girl had heard quite enough. Closing the door noiselessly behind her, she sped down the passage like a lapwing, with a view to carrying this piece of intelligence as quickly to her lover as might be.

(To be continued)



"I SAY NO," by Wilkie Collins (3 vols.: Chatto and Windus) is anything but a favourable specimen of its author's powers. It contains a secret, which is wonderfully well kept from the reader; but there its interest, if such the sort of curiosity thus excited can be called, begins and ends. For the secret itself has not the merit of being worth keeping. It concerns the perpetrator of a supposed murder that had taken place long before the opening of the story, nearly every character in turn incurring the reader's suspicion. Of course we shall say nothing that can even hint at the revelation of a mystery whereon the novel's entire claim to interest hinges. But it is only fair to the intending reader to warn him that he has a great deal of disappointment in store for him, and that he has been cheated into a waste of curiosity. Mr. Collins usually attempts, and often very successfully, the portrait of some eccentric or abnormal character, whose delineation gives a dramatic purpose to the story wherein it appears. In the present case, his portraiture is given, not by firmness and clearness of outline, but as it were by blots and splashes of colour—all is slovenly and in the rough, and the plot fails even more by carelessness of execution than by poverty of conception. The characteristic mannerisms of the author thus appear exaggerated, and even caricatured. In short, "I Say No" has all the signs of being a mere hurried piece of book-making, and as such calls for no serious criticism beyond a sincere regret that an author like Mr. Wilkie Collins should at any time show such little respect either for his public or for his own peculiar powers.

Want of care is the last charge that can ever be brought against Mr. Henry James. His "Tales of Three Cities," that is to say, of Boston, New York, and London (1 vol.: Macmillan and Co.), deserve all the credit due to painful elaboration. He has not yet reached the rank of a master who knows how to conceal his art; among all the apprentices of fiction he continues, to judge from his manner, to be the most industrious and painstaking. Of these three tales, "A New England Winter" is the most characteristic of Mr. Henry James. There is a careful, and no doubt intentional, absence of anything that even by courtesy can be called plot or story; the characters are laboriously shorn of all attributes by which they can possibly be remembered when the book is closed; and their motives are as carefully concealed as one of Mr. Wilkie Collins' secrets, without risking disappointment by revealing them. Of course the result looks exceedingly subtle and profound—since the reader can see nothing, he is bound to credit himself with blindness, rather than Mr. Henry James with giving him nothing to see. The following story, "The Impressions of a Cousin," is less successful in gratifying the admirers of Mr. Henry James's school. It has a story—just a common-place story of a fraudulent trustee, told with a touch or two of the force which Mr. Henry James has held in reserve for so long that some perverse critics were beginning to doubt of its existence altogether. Apart from this, we are inclined to hold that those who think plots out of place in fiction are best advised when they refrain from attempting what they profess to despise. The common-place readers will think the story common-place; the superior readers will be vexed by receiving from the hands of Mr. Henry James something that gives superiority no scope for displaying itself by understanding. The first story, "Lady Barberina," is a good deal better from the superior point of view, but is still very much of a compromise. We will not venture to assume that Mr. Henry James thinks mixed marriages between English ladies and American gentlemen bound to be failures because one such marriage so turned out in the case of a couple of colourless caricatures; but his readers—unless very superior indeed—will be apt so to conclude. In any case, these tales are not likely to be popular in America—at least among Americans who do not like to have their country painted as given over to vulgarity.

"An Intrigue at Bagnères" (1 vol.: T. H. V. Eggleston) could

not have been written without much cleverness and wide reading. But the reading displays itself much too generously, and the cleverness is rather that of the acrobat than of the artist or craftsman. The author holds exceedingly strong views as to the ease with which, under our existing marriage laws in relation to foreign countries, a scoundrel who is a British subject may trick a girl into a sham marriage. A story of this kind he has thrown into a work which more or less resembles the general idea of a novel. His plot is certainly of a substantial kind, and is by no means altogether without powerful passages here and there. If the author were gifted with a sense of construction, and with very much less rhetorical gush and fluency, he would have produced a really effective work, instead of what can now be best described as a succession of incoherent spasms. His style also calls for reform—nobody can be said to have mastered English who thinks nothing of making a sentence a page and a quarter long. We think his real turn is for comedy; and that in taking to tragedy at the outset he has fallen into an error frequent among actors and authors afterwards eminent as *farceurs*.

### THE JOHNSON CENTENARY

DR. JOHNSON died on the 13th December, 1784, and a week afterwards was borne to an honoured grave in Westminster Abbey. During the hundred years which have since elapsed most of the writings which made him famous during his lifetime, though known to all students of English literature, have fallen into comparative neglect. To go, in the way of contrast, no further back than his contemporary and friend, Oliver Goldsmith—"The Vicar of Wakefield" is still a very popular book; "The Traveller" and "The Deserted Village" are still much admired; *She Stoops to Conquer* still retains a place on the stage; while few and far between are the readers familiar with "Rasselas," with "London," and "The Vanity of Human Wishes;" and of Johnson's tragedy, *Irene*, little more than the name is remembered. Yet time in thus dealing with his works has only increased the reverence and affection with which Johnson is regarded by all competent judges of human worth. This is to be accounted for by the ever-renewed interest which must be taken in such a character and career as his, elucidated as both have been with unparalleled fidelity and minuteness in Boswell's masterpiece of biography. It is not always, or often, that such fulness of knowledge as we possess of Johnson enhances our estimate of distinguished men of letters, or of any kind. The peculiarity in Johnson's case is that the more familiar we become with him through Boswell's biography and its numerous adjuncts the greater is the admiration felt for the man even by those who care little for the bulk of his writings.

Everything was against the son of the Lichfield bookseller when in 1737, at the age of twenty-eight, he came to London to seek his fortune as a literary adventurer with a few shillings in his pocket. The star of Pope still glittered above the horizon, but authorship by profession was at the lowest ebb. In person Johnson was ungainly; in manner uncouth; his character was one of surly independence; his temper was irritable; he was the victim of constitutional hypochondria; and his natural indolence was extreme. But his intellect was one of the most vigorous in England, and he was sustained throughout his long and arduous struggle by a deep religiosity which had succeeded to the spiritual indifference of his youth. In spite of his irritability and indolence his first employment in London, that of a miscellaneous literary drudge on the dull *Gentleman's Magazine*, he retained for many years. Soon after it began appeared his imitation of Juvenal's Third Satire, which was admired by Pope, who inquired after its anonymous author. The gleam of reputation which thus visited him left him where it found him, drudging for a magazine-pittance. But in his letters, prayers, and meditations of this period there is no trace of repining or complaint, and in his deepest poverty he was ever ready to help those of his associates who were more unfortunate than himself. Among them was the dissolute and reckless Savage, his fine memoir of whom attracted the attention of the great painter Reynolds, to whom he was otherwise a stranger, but who became one of the dearest of his friends later. After ten years of patient drudgery he issued in 1747 proposals for, with a specimen of, the English Dictionary, and the booksellers knew enough of him as a skilful and steady workman to entrust to him the execution of what was then a very considerable publishing enterprise. Two years later appeared his "Vanity of Human Wishes," another imitation of Juvenal, and a very noble poem. Long afterwards, reading it in a company of friends, when he had finished the pathetic passage in it on the "ills" "that a scholar's life assails," the stoical Johnson burst into tears at the suggested remembrance of all that he himself had undergone. While still engaged on the Dictionary he started the *Rambler*, containing many grave and weighty essays, pervaded by a tone of ethical elevation, deeply impressing a large circle of serious readers, and gaining for him the reputation, which he retained to the end, of being the great moral teacher of his age.

After some eight years of labour the English Dictionary appeared in 1755. It was, beyond all question, by far the greatest work of the kind that had then been published, and the soundness, solidity, and precision of his definitions has preserved for them ever since a unique authority. The original plan of the Dictionary had been addressed to Lord Chesterfield, who had shown some disposition to patronise Johnson. But, although during its toilsome progress the great noble had taken no notice of the author or his work, he inserted in a periodical, when it was on the eve of publication, some compliments to both. This too tardy recognition elicited from the proud and independent Johnson the celebrated letter to Lord Chesterfield, in which he asked the famous question: "Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground encumbers him with help?" Johnson once said that he "had dedicated to the Royal Family all round;" but for others not for himself: his own great work appeared without any dedication. After the appearance of the Dictionary Johnson's reputation was established and wide-spread. But the fifteen hundred guineas for which he executed it had been advanced to him and expended by him during its progress. He had to return to magazine and miscellaneous drudgery, starting the *Idler*, a sequel to the *Rambler*, and writing "Rasselas"—that melancholy, thoughtful, and impressive Oriental tale, so destructive of the illusions of enthusiastic and hopeful youth—to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral. At the age of fifty-three he was still drudging and still unprovided for, when, in 1762, after the accession of George III., a pension of 300*l.* a year was bestowed on him, which rendered his circumstances easy during the remainder of his life.

It was in the year of this fortunate incident that his acquaintance was made by Boswell, who had long revered him from a distance. Johnson took kindly to the vain, loquacious, inquisitive, but social and genial young Edinburgh advocate, and to their lasting intimacy we owe the most delightful biography in any language. Through Boswell's "Life" we know Johnson as well as if we had lived with him—his physical peculiarities, his odd habits, his superstitions, his bigotries, political and religious, his irritability and occasional rudeness, but still more his robust manliness, his affluent knowledge of men and of books, his sympathetic penetration into human nature, his affectionateness, his ever-active beneficence, his fervid piety without a particle of cant. There we have a dramatic reproduction of his talk both in privacy with his reverential Boswell,

and in animated discussions with such men as Burke and Reynolds, Goldsmith and Garrick, on every conceivable subject, from the efficacy of prayer to the philosophy of household expenditure. We are introduced not only to the brilliant circle of Johnson's later years, but to the strange interior of his home, where he supported out of charity a bevy of querulous and quarrelsome old women, with Levett, the humble man of physic, whose practice lay in what are now called the slums of London, yet on whose skill, as on that of a Mead or a Heberden, Johnson pinned his faith, and whose death he lamented in some singularly touching lines. Boswell shows us the true Johnson, not a mere "sage" and sententious moralist, however impressive, but a man of great geniality, as well as of many-sided sagacity, saying the wisest and wittiest of things, not in the monotonous Johnsonese of so many of his prose writings, but in racy and idiomatic English. To Boswell, too, we owe the minor debt of Johnson's still very interesting account of the civilised and uncivilised Scotland of 1773, given in the "Journey to the Hebrides," an expedition which he undertook at Boswell's suggestion and in Boswell's company. Johnson was a Londoner of the Londoners, and preferred to all the beauties of Nature the bustle of Fleet Street, in which our artist has represented him as beginning a stroll, accompanied by his faithful biographer. But let it not be forgotten that in old age he performed, simply to gratify a genial curiosity, the journey to the Hebrides at a time when deficiencies in the means of locomotion made such a tour occasionally dangerous, as well as toilsome. Johnson's last book, which is the most popular of all his works, and of which reprints are still occasionally issued, was the "Lives of the English Poets," a republication of biographical and critical prefaces written at the request of the London booksellers for their edition of the English poets. Its generally appreciative, though searching, criticisms induce forgiveness for much of his estimates of Milton and of Gray, and it is full of interesting anecdotes which Johnson received from contemporaries of the poets whose lives he was writing, and which but for him would have perished. He was now in his seventy-second year, and suffering from maladies which he bore with resignation and fortitude. Three years more, and the grave opened to receive one of the best and most remarkable of eighteenth-century worthies.

For the accurate background of our picture of Dr. Johnson in Fleet Street we are indebted to Mr. J. E. Gardner, who courteously placed his collection of prints of Old London at the service of our artist, Mr. C. Green.



A HINDU novel should be welcome to the fiction reader whose appetite is jaded with the fare provided by the circulating libraries, and he or she should be grateful to Miss Miriam Knight, who has translated into English Mr. Bankim Chandra Chatterjee's tale, "The Poison Tree" (Fisher Unwin). Mr. Edwin Arnold, C.S.I., in his preface, recommends "this translation to English readers, as a work which, apart from its charm in incident and narrative, will certainly give them just, if not complete, ideas of the ways of life of their fellow-subjects in Bengal." The English reader will probably find the atmosphere of the story a little confusing at first, but as he goes along he will learn to admire Nagendra, to be curious about the future of Kunda Nandini, and to respect the single-minded devotion of Surja Mukhi. The narrative is bright enough, and the quaint *naïveté* of the author, who evidently feels his responsibility as a writer, gives "The Poison Tree" a charm quite its own. A glossary for the Hindu words unavoidably used adds to the completeness of the work, which is well translated.

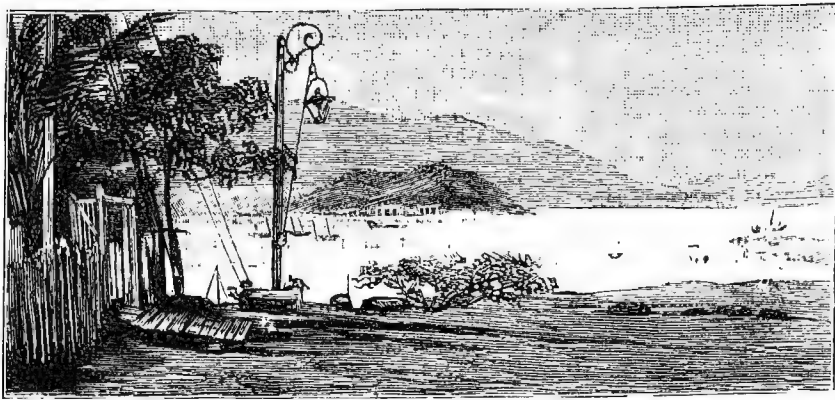
To the ladies who have attracted notice as adventurous travellers must be added the author of "A Lady's Ride Across Spanish Honduras" (W. Blackwood and Sons), who uses the *nom de plume* of "Maria Soltera." Enticed to Honduras by a scheming adventurer, a Dr. Pope, to take charge of a girl's school at San Pedro Sula, she traversed the whole country on mule-back, accompanied by Hondurean muleteers, only to find that she had been victimised. Her descriptions of people and scenery are good. She says that the natives of Honduras feel very sore about the break-down of their railway, and scoff much at English honesty; evidently not aware that many quiet folk in this country were bitten by the promoters of that scheme. There is some very good dialogue, by the way, in this book, which, on the whole, is well up to the average level of globe-trotting literature, while the author deserves admiration for her courage, as well as sympathy in her victimisation.

The "Journal of William Allen" used not so very long ago to be a much-treasured two volumes on the library shelves of Quakers, and of those of other members of religious bodies by whom the Society of Friends was esteemed. Mr. J. Fayle has told the story of Allen's life again under the title of "The Spitalfields Genius" (Hodder and Stoughton). Allen was a social and religious power in his time. The trusted friend and executor of the Duke of Kent, on intimate terms with the Emperor Alexander I., the Duke of Wellington, Madame de Krüdener, and a host of other European celebrities of sixty years ago, his life is well worth recalling in this age of hurry and bustle. His industry was marvellous: a linguist and a man of science, he yet conducted a large business, and was among the first to start popular education, and to make serious experiments in Peasant Proprietorship. His character and genius made the most profound impression on all who were brought in contact with him, and his biography is one which may be profitably re-read by every one. Mr. Fayle, of course, had ample material in the literary remains of the great Quaker man of science, but he has used his opportunity well, and has produced a very readable book.

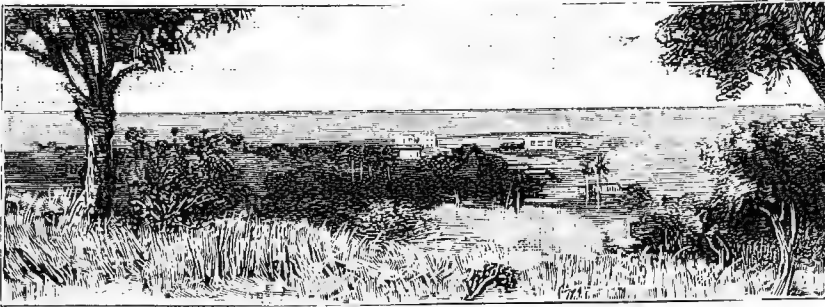
Another reproduction is "Poems, Plays, and Miscellaneous Essays of Charles Lamb" (Macmillan and Co.). Mr. Alfred Ainger provides an introduction and notes. There are some pathetic verses here, however, which Lamb omitted from the collection of his poems published in 1818. We like Lamb's prose better than his verse; and his essays and stories better than his dramatic sketches. There is much excellent fooling in "On the Inconveniences Arising from Being Hanged;" and in "Rosamund Gray" is a fine example of his sterner mood in the character of Matruvis: "A young man with gray deliberation! cold and systematic in all his plans, and all his plans were evil. His very lust was systematic. He would brood over his bad purposes for such a dreary length of time that it might have been expected some solitary check of conscience must have intervened to save him from commission. But that *light from heaven* was extinct in his dark bosom." Mr. Ainger has had much of Lamb's rarest MS. at his disposal, and has evidently bestowed care and industry on the preparation of this volume.

Madame Louisa Lauw's "Fourteen Years with Adelina Patti" has been translated for Messrs. Remington by Miss Clare Brune. Madame Lauw's companionship with the *prima donna* commenced in 1863. It began somewhat suddenly and ended somewhat unsatisfactorily. Musical critics in Paris in 1863 seem to have tried to make hay while the sun shone. The great reviewer of the time asked from Maurice Strakosch, Patti's man of business, 60,000 francs for favourable notices of the lady's singing. "This said reviewer

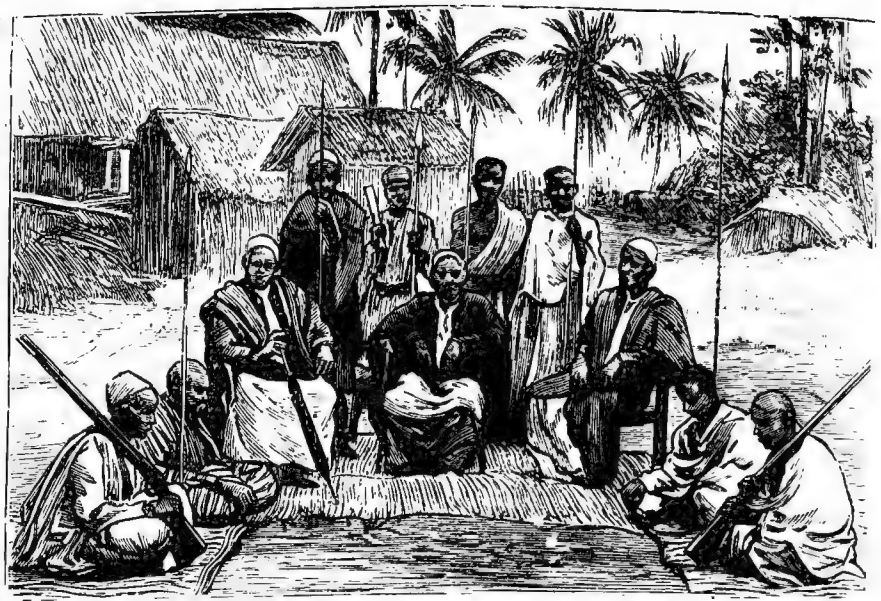




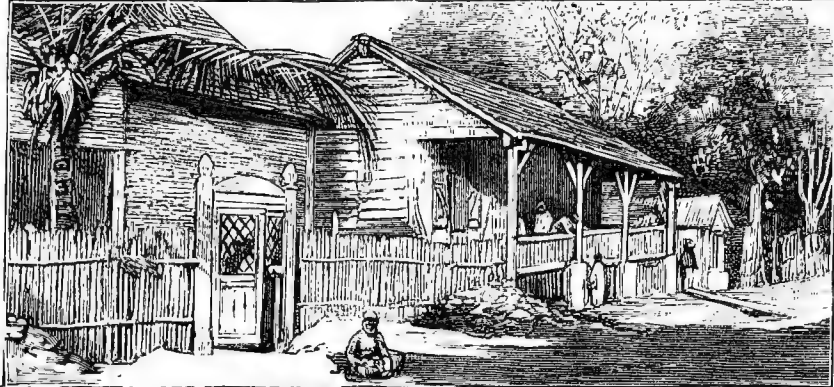
THE FRENCH SETTLEMENT OF NOSSIBÉ, SHOWING THE HARBOUR, PIER, ETC., MADAGASCAR IN THE DISTANCE



MAJUNGA, N.W. COAST



SAKALAVA PRINCES AND FOLLOWERS, N.W. COAST



A STREET IN HELVILLE, THE CHIEF TOWN OF NOSSIBÉ



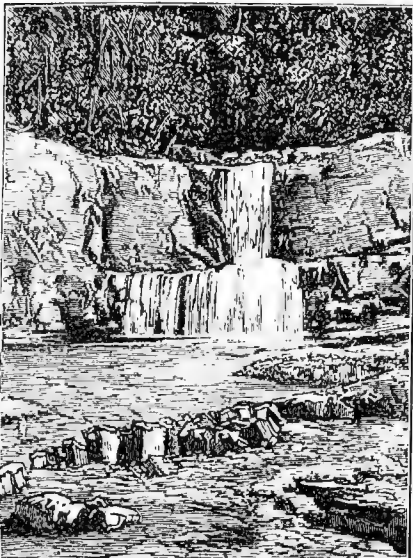
AMPASIMBITIKA, AMPASINDAVA BAY, ONE OF THE HOVA OUTPOSTS RECENTLY DESTROYED BY THE FRENCH



SOME OF THE COUNTRY VISITORS TO THE GREAT PUBLIC ASSEMBLY (UNINFLUENCED BY CIVILISATION, AND THE BITTEREST ENEMIES OF THE FRENCH)



A SAKALAVA INLAND VILLAGE, N.W. COAST

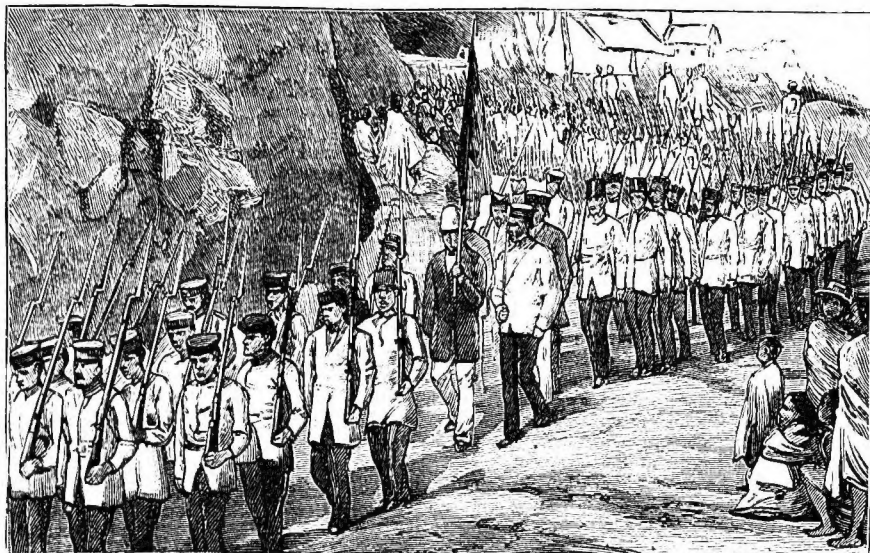


RIVER SCENERY, N.W. MADAGASCAR



HAVATOBV, OR DALRYMPLE BAY, N.W. COAST, ABOUT TWENTY MILES FROM NOSSIBÉ, CALLED BY THE MALAGASY "THE FRENCH NABOTH'S VINEYARD"

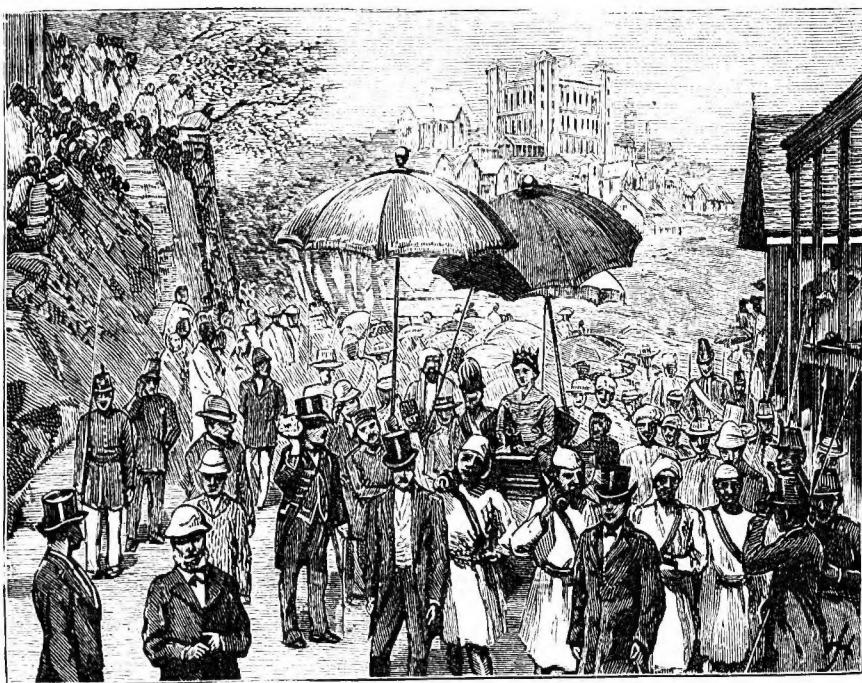




MALAGASY SOLDIERS GOING TO THE PARADE GROUND



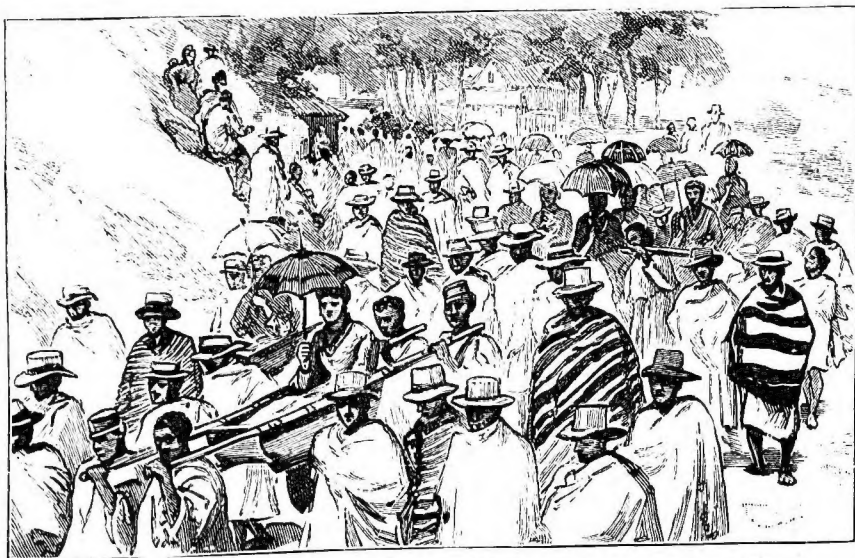
THE QUEEN'S GUARD: PICKED MEN



THE QUEEN WITH THE FOUR SCARLET UMBRELLAS—EMBLEMS OF ROYALTY



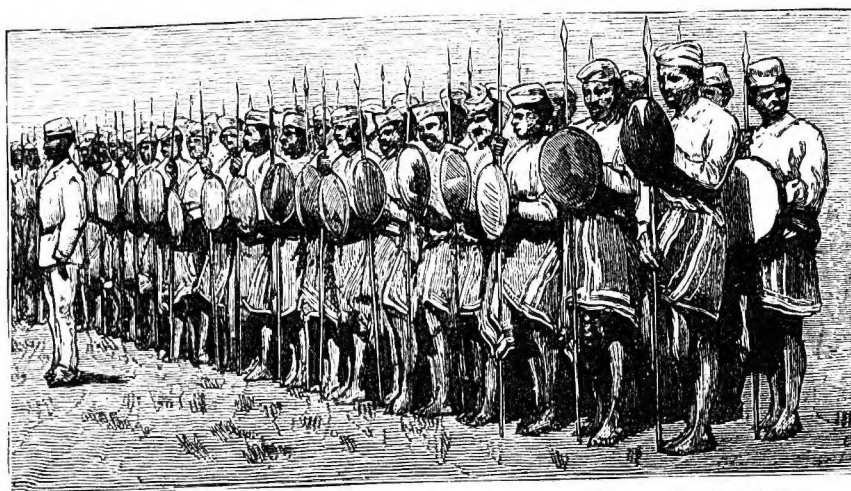
THE QUEEN'S PLATFORM



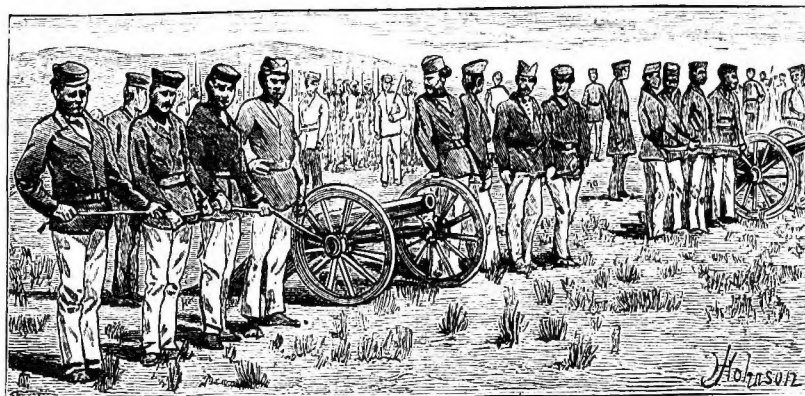
PART OF THE PUBLIC PROCESSION TO THE PARADE-GROUND—COURT LADIES IN THEIR PALANQUINS, SURROUNDED BY ATTENDANTS



THE PRIME MINISTER, WITH HIS AIDES-DE-CAMP AND A BODY OF SPEARMEN



A CORPS OF MALAGASY SPEARMEN AT AN INSPECTION BY THE PRIME MINISTER



MALAGASY ARTILLERY (TAUGHT BY ENGLISHMEN) AT AN INSPECTION BY THE PRIME MINISTER

### THE FRENCH IN MADAGASCAR

SCENES AT THE GREAT PUBLIC ASSEMBLY ON THE PARADE-GROUND, ANTANANARIVO, WHEN THE QUEEN ANNOUNCED THE BREAKING OFF OF THE NEGOTIATIONS WITH THE FRENCH



was a terror to all Parisian artists," we are told, "who felt compelled to surrender nearly half their salaries to him in order to avoid the encroaching upon their domestic affairs, and showing them up in the worst possible light." The book is a badly-arranged tale of Madame Patti's tours and triumphs. One is a little suspicious of the *animus* of the author from the fact that her parting with her friend was caused in some sense through M. Nicolini. The following quotation from the end of the book is exquisitely feminine and—French: "Adelina heard with perfect indifference of my approaching departure. Our leave-taking was extremely cold, more as if I were a stranger than a friend—an almost sister. For me I had lost the person I most loved in the world. A few weeks later the Marquis de Caux experienced a similar loss."

A thoroughly sound book of travel is Mr. F. H. Deverell's "All Round Spain" (Sampson Low and Co.). Mr. Deverell has been much in Spain, but the journey he here describes was motivated, he tells us, by a desire to be "present at the 'Tribunal of the Waters' at Valencia, and the Friday morning service in the chapel of the Colegio de Corpus in that city . . . Elche, the City of Palms . . . Gibraltar, and also several places in Spain lying in that direction." All this and much more did the author see, and what he as a thoughtful observer saw, he puts before the reader in plain, straightforward, business-like fashion. It is pleasant, too, to read what he says of the English soldiers he met at Gibraltar. "They made me feel a little proud, especially after the style of people I had been seeing during the preceding two or three weeks." The author, besides taking the reader into out-of-the-way parts of Spain, away from the ordinary routes pursued by tourists, supplies ample proof that Spaniards are making efforts to come up abreast of the age in which they live, instead of lagging behind as they did formerly. "All Round Spain" should prove useful to folk desirous of information about an interesting country.

"Sunny Spain," by Olive Patch, is in the usual manner and form of Messrs. Cassell and Co.'s popular illustrated publications, that is to say, the style of the letterpress is very fair, and the woodcuts are many, and good of their kind. These latter deal equally with present fact, history, and fiction. We have, for instance, "Seville Cathedral," "Columbus Put in Irons by Order of Francisco de Bobadilla," and "Don Quixote On His Travels." Some of the pictures are very thrilling, if imaginative, and should serve their purpose of adornment and amusement well. The author gets over a vast amount of ground in a fashion which is not a little entertaining, despite the number and dissimilarity of the subjects of which she treats. Still, "Sunny Spain" should find favour with a public which is not too critical, and for which it is intended.

Dr. Buchheim has made a useful addition to the "German Classics" of the Clarendon Press Series in "Heine's Prosa," being selections from Heine's prose works. Most Englishmen who know anything of German literature have felt the strange fascination of the lyrical effusions of that strange compound of the German, the Frenchman, and the Jew. The weird, sad melody of the verse and the eccentricity of his humour make him the German counterpart of Burns and Alfred de Musset. His prose, too, is charming, and has a flavour of its own which is scarcely German. The excerpts are judiciously made from the "Harzreise" and from Heine's critical and travel papers on Italy, England, &c. If English boys are in their school days to acquire a taste for German authors they could not begin better than with Heine. The notes are numerous, and invaluable for the elucidation of the text. They fill some ninety closely-printed pages. The book is a good one.

One of the best books of gossip we have met for some time is "Tobacco Smoke and Smokers' Gossip," published by Mr. George Redway in his "Shilling Series." It is literally crammed full from the beginning to the end of its 148 pages with well-selected anecdotes, poems, and excerpts from tobacco literature and history. The names of the very great men who did like the weed and of the very great men who did not are carefully recorded. It is consoling to the smoker, too, to learn that "In 1769 died Abraham Favrot, a Swiss baker, aged 104; to the last he walked firmly, read without spectacles, and always had a pipe in his mouth." The form of the volume, too, is handy, it can be easily carried in the pocket, and it supplies the devotee of bird's-eye, or shag, or Virginia with amusement, and material for argument with his foes.

We cannot speak so favourably of "The Anatomy of Tobacco," by "Leolinus Siluriensis," and also published by Mr. Redway. This volume is a parody on philosophic system; but is not sufficiently brilliant to be attractive. The author's ingenuity may be great, but to any but the very enthusiast for intellectual gymnastics his book is likely to prove dull.

"Ye Gestes of Ye Lady Anne: a Marvellous Pleasante and Comfortable Tayle" (Field and Tuer), is the title of a volume edited by Evelyn Forsyth, and illustrated by A. Hennen Broadwood. The story is of baronial life in King Richard I.'s days, and professedly by a chronicler of that time. Although both letterpress and illustrations are violently farcical, the tale is characterised by much humour and boisterous fun. Some of the songs interspersed are excellent, being conceived in the style with which readers of the "Ingoldsby Legends" have been made familiar by the late Mr. Barham. Altogether we can cordially recommend "Ye Gestes of Ye Lady Anne" to those who are tired with brainwork. They will probably enjoy many a hearty laugh while perusing it.

A book of the same class is "Ye Earlie Englyshe Almanack, 1885" (Pettit and Co.). It has been capably put out of hand, and the old English anecdotes and the old English poems have been well-selected. Altogether, it is an admirable counterfeit of what it claims to be.

## SCIENTIFIC NOTES

We are glad to notice that a series of lectures is in progress at the British Museum dealing with the History and Antiquities of Assyria and Babylonia. These lectures are, it is stated, intended to place before the public the great value of the collections of Oriental antiquities, and they will be delivered in a temporary lecture hall established in the Assyrian basement. The subjects covered by the lectures comprise the Origin and Decipherment of the Inscriptions; the Sacred Books of Chaldaea, illustrating by them the growth of Religious Belief; the Semitic and Non-Semitic Civilisation of the Tigris-Euphrates Valley; Domestic and Social Life, &c. It would be as well if this system of lecturing in our public museums could be greatly extended. The sightseers who commonly visit the galleries of the British Museum stare with wonder at what they see, but pass by the most interesting exhibits without in the least understanding anything about them. Now, if it were understood that at certain times on certain days an explanatory and popular explanation would be given of the chief objects, a willing audience would soon be gathered together.

A new process for producing photographs in colour has been lately introduced, but it will be seen that, like other processes of the kind, it is simply of a mechanical nature. We are as far off from the production of natural photographs in colour as ever we were, and the matter may almost be regarded as a chemical impossibility. In the new process five colours only are employed, and even these include black, which, strictly speaking, is not a colour at all. The others are blue, red, yellow, and grey. To reproduce a coloured picture, an ordinary photographic print of it is first obtained. This is carefully gone over by an artist, who paints in all those portions which are ultimately to appear of one colour—blue, for instance, in grey, the rest of the picture being obliterated with white pigment. Other prints for the other colours are treated in exactly the same way, in

each case those parts being painted in where the particular colour is to appear either as a pure tint or as combined with another. Each picture so obtained is now photographed, and ultimately is produced in relief in a gelatine film on plate glass, which can be printed from in the press as in the collotype process. Each plate in turn is rolled with its proper colour, which must be transparent, and the rest of the operations are exactly the same as in the old chromolithographic process. The process is indeed much the same as the ordinary colour-printing process, only with the sun as chief artist.

The Mersey Tunnel has now received its last length of brickwork, and Liverpool and Birkenhead are connected by a solidly built sub-way more than two miles and a-half long. Little remains to be done now except to lay the permanent way. Other subways are contemplated within the metropolitan area, and notice has been given of several intended applications to Parliament during the ensuing session with respect to them. One company seeks authority to make a tunnel from the Marble Arch to Cornhill, and another to connect King's Cross, and Waterloo Railway Stations together by a similar work. These tunnels will of course be for railways; but it is noticeable that the traffic is to be worked by means of carriages propelled by cable, traction, or by such means other than steam locomotive as the Board of Trade may from time to time approve. The stifling atmosphere of some parts of the present underground lines has at last even made an impression upon railway promoters.

There is a great outcry just now with regard to the incessant shrieking from railway whistles day and night, with which some of our London suburbs are specially favoured; and every one is asking whether this constant noise, which to many persons is a most serious nuisance, is not altogether unnecessary. We are disposed to answer this question in the affirmative, for we have noticed that in the tunnels of the underground lines the whistle is hardly ever used at all. Surely if these lines, in some parts of a most intricate nature, can be safely worked in comparative silence, the lines above ground could be made to do likewise.

A new, but really old, method of measuring time is to be introduced by the authorities of the Greenwich Observatory on New Year's Day. The distinguishing letters "a.m." and "p.m." are to be dispensed with, and the day is to begin at midnight and to end at midnight. We shall continue to breakfast at our usual hour of seven or eight, as the case may be; but we shall lunch at thirteen o'clock, dine at eighteen or nineteen o'clock, and go to bed some where about twenty-three or twenty-four o'clock.

Professor Milne, of Tokio University, Japan, the land of earthquakes, is about to establish an observatory of a novel character. It is to be situated far below ground in a deep coal mine. The object in view is to endeavour to determine the nature of the connection which is believed to exist between earthquake shocks and meteorological phenomena on the upper earth. The observations will too probably throw some light upon the important subject of explosions in mines in their connection with barometric pressure.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Microscopical Society a new lantern microscope was exhibited by Mr. Lewis Wright, who, after much diligent experiment, has produced an instrument far in advance of anything of the kind previously made. The ordinary microscope is not only limited to the individual eye, but the said eye requires a certain amount of education before it becomes used to the instrument. With Mr. Wright's lantern microscope, the images of the ordinary microscopic objects are by means of a powerful lime-light projected, magic-lantern fashion, on to a screen, so that a fly's tongue, for instance, appears with all its wondrous detail enlarged to six or seven feet long. A great many different objects were exhibited before the Society, and it was noticeable that the images appeared with perfect sharpness and definition up to the very margin of the field. This new microscope will be a boon to lecturers, and especially to those attached to our medical schools, where the ordinary instrument is so constantly in use. The mechanical details of the work have been skilfully carried out by Messrs. Newton and Co., of Fleet Street.

So many relics of the Roman occupation have at different times been unearthed at Hitchin that it has long been suspected that systematic explorations would yield important discoveries. Mr. C. W. Wilshe, J.P., the owner of land on which numerous finds have been made, has lately consented, at the request of local antiquarians, to certain excavations. As a result a Roman dwelling has been discovered, consisting of several rooms, one with a tessellated pavement in good preservation. The walls are built of roughly-squared flints, held together by that imperishable mortar of the composition of which builders nowadays seem to be completely ignorant. Several coins and pieces of pottery have also been found. This is the first instance of a Roman building having been discovered in the neighbourhood, and has naturally aroused much interest.

The electrically-propelled balloon at Meudon has made another trip, and a successful one so far as it goes. It seems that the machine was allowed to drift along for a distance of one mile, when its machinery was set in motion, and it duly returned to its starting point. This journey of two miles (there and back) occupied three-quarters of an hour, a very slow walking pace. We may therefore presume that the experiment was conducted, as in former cases, under the very best conditions, that is to say, in the absence of wind.

T. C. H.

## CHRISTMAS BOOKS

### VII.

"STORIES OF THE ITALIAN ARTISTS, FROM VASARI," by the author of "Belt and Spur" (London: Seeley and Co.). This pretty little volume, with its sixteen coloured illustrations, reproducing some of the best-known works of the great masters, gives a lively idea of the revival of Art in that thirteenth century when, as Mr. Ruskin says, "Men woke as if they heard an alarm through the whole vault of heaven, and true human life begins again." The stories are pleasantly told, and the illustrations effectively executed, though it is very comical to note the blue stockings on one of the three angels who visited Abraham.

"The True Story of Mazeppa, &c.," by Viscount E. Melchior de Vogüé, translated from the French by James Millington (London: Field and Tuer), is a curious monograph of a Polish patriot, more familiar, we are afraid, to the youth of the present day as the rider of the untamed steed of the desert than as a compatriot of Kosciuszko. Though this story gives the title to the volume, three-fourths of the book are occupied by a French novel, entitled "The Son of Peter the Great." The translation is badly done, and is at times not very intelligible.

"On the Fo'k'sle Head," by W. Clark Russell (Chatto and Windus). This is one of Mr. Russell's charming collections of sea stories, which are the delight of boys, who never tire of hearing about English tars and their doings. Mr. Russell is in the front rank as a nautical story writer, and he is never better than in such short sketches as those which compose this volume.

"Uncle John's Adventures in Prairie Land," by Mrs. Sale Barker (Routledge and Son), is a pleasantly-written series of adventures, the scene of which is laid in those romantic regions with which the facile pen of Captain Mayne Reid (now, alas, to be wielded no more), have made us so familiar. The illustrations are as full of incident as the narrative.

The same publishers have reproduced four of Miss Harriet Martineau's best stories in a delightful garb, the only fault we have to find with them being the illustrations, which strike us as being a little out of date. The series includes "The Crofton Boys,"

"The Peasant and the Prince," "Settlers at Home," and "Fests of the Fiord." In the same connection may be mentioned a capital book by that old favourite, the late W. H. G. Kingston, entitled "Adventures in Australia."

Messrs. John F. Shaw and Co. issue quite a library this season of books suitable alike for boys and girls. They are got up with very great taste, especially as to the bindings, and range over quite a wide field of interest. "Estella; or, Who is My Neighbour?" by Lady Hope, will be eagerly read by girls. "The Lord Mayor's Tale of London Five Hundred Years Ago," by E. S. Holt, describes the persecutions of the Lollards, and is dedicated to the late Lord Mayor, as sturdy a Knight-errant for his own convictions as any one amongst his predecessors. "Just as It Ought to Be," the Story of Miss Prudence, is brightly written, and graphically describes how that young lady "Through actions pure and good, Grew to perfect ladyhood." "Loveday's History, a Tale of Many Changes," by L. E. Guernsey, paints with no little power the eventful period between the year 1538 and the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it is needless to say with a strong Protestant flavour. "The Lord of the Marches," by E. S. Holt, tells the story of Roger Mortimer, whom the author not inaptly denominates a fourteenth century Don Quixote, whom future ages may remember when Ireland is free "with that freedom which Christ only gives, and which many an English heart longs to secure to her." "Other Lives Than Ours" are set forth in a series of fables by Miss Mrs. Stanley Leathes, cleverly illustrated by M. Irwin. Three other taking little girl-books are "Norman and Elsie, or, Two Little Prisoners," by Emily Brodie; "Fathoms Deep," by Catherine Shaw; and "King's Scholars; or, Work and Play at Easthaven," by E. M. Ridley.

"Peter Penniless, Gamekeeper and Gentleman" (London: Warne and Co.). In this handsome volume Mr. G. Chesler Davies has managed to collate a vast amount of information on sporting, of the precise character most dear to the heart of young English boys, with whom it will be a great favourite. As might be expected from Mr. Davies' local, the Norfolk Broad, duck shooting, rabbiting, netting partridges, trapping ground squirrels, other hunting, trout and other fishing, form a large element of the work, which is crammed full of those practical hints and "tips" which youngsters, and for the matter of that boys of a larger growth, delight in.

A new volume of the "Chandos Classics" gives us Hawthorne's "Mosses from an Old Manse," in beautifully clear, readable type and handsome binding. Of the same publisher's edition of "The Lady of the Lake," and two bijou volumes, "Rays of Light" and "A Casket of Pearls," we are sorry to say we like the outside the best. The artistic merits within the covers are not of a high order. "The Little People's Favourite Album" is a volume for the nursery, consisting of coloured plates and short stories in large type.

"Nearer, My God, To Thee," by Sarah Flower Adams, and "Rock of Ages," by A. M. Toplady, are issued by Messrs. Nelson and Son, in two daintily printed volumes, full of illustrations, which we are sorry we cannot commend.

"The Fireside Annual," "Home Words," and "The Day of Days," are the three annual volumes of the Rev. Charles Bullck's well-known serials, popular, varied, and interesting as ever.

Messrs. Field and Tuer have added to their "Vellum Parchment Shilling Series" a wittily-written brochure, entitled "The Keys at Home." Some of the parodies on popular poems are very well done.

We have to acknowledge three illustrated Photographic Albums. That issued by Messrs. Stafford and Guy contains twelve views of the Rivers and Ports of England, after J. M. W. Turner. Unfortunately, these coarsely-executed chromolithographs afford very little idea of the peculiar excellences of the great painter. Nor does "The Celebrities' Album" of Messrs. Marion and Co. spring from a very happy thought. As the volume is intended to hold portraits, it is like "painting the lily" to surround every page with portraits, more or less unlike, of all the people one sees *ad nauseam* in the shop windows. Of the three albums, that of Messrs. Turnall, of Leyton, Essex, called the "Beaumont Album," pleases us best, because there are no pictures on its borders. The pages are severally composed of drawing paper of various tints; and artists, both amateur and professional, are invited to fill up these blank spaces with such designs as they choose to make.



MESSRS. W. MORLEY AND CO.—Our collection from this firm is of more than ordinary merit, especially the vocal portion. "The Will and the Way," written and composed by Harold Wynn and Louis Diehl, is a pretty song marked by the eternal refrain; it is published in three keys.—The same may be said of "Red and White Roses," words and music by Mrs. Arthur Burton, only that the refrain is in six-eight time and not so melodious as its predecessor.—"The Altar and the Throne" is a dramatic song, written and composed by Berthold Tours; there is a very effective *ad libitum* accompaniment for the harmonium, violin, and cello.—A tale of disappointed love, published in two keys, is "Why Not To-Day?" words by H. L. D'Arcy, music by T. Hutchinson, Mus. Bac., Oxon.—A cheerful song is "Whisperings of Spring," written and composed by James G. Woods and Emily Phillips.—Another song of the tragic love school is "For Aye," for which the above composer has supplied the music and R. Conrad Fraser the words.—Book XII. of "Musical Voluntaries for the Organ, Harmonium, or American Organ" contains twelve pieces by Humphrey J. Stark, whose name is a guarantee of their high standard of excellence.—"Gipsy Quick waltz," by Emily Phillips, is pretty but commonplace.

MESSRS. BOOSEY AND CO.—There is a very sweet pathetic ring in the words of "The Maid of the Mill," by Hamilton Aidé, which are wedded to a tender melody by Stephen Adams. This charming song is published in three keys. A song which has already made its mark, thanks in part to Mr. Sankey, is "One Night Came On a Hurricane," written and composed by W. Pitt and R. Betterton. The words are full of racy humour. "The River of Years" is a quaintly-written poem by Mrs. Beverly, and well set to music by Theo. Marzials.—"Song from a Gondola," written and composed by W. H. Pollock and Harold Sims Reeves, is a pretty song for a tenor voice.—"Thine" will raise a hearty laugh at a Musical Reading, as much on account of its funny words by F. E. Weatherly, as of their excellent setting to music by J. L. Molloy.

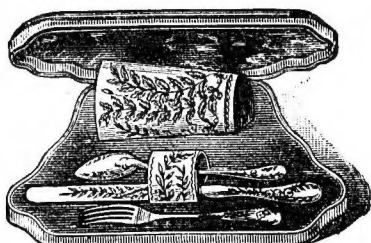
MISCELLANEOUS.—"The Twilight Land" is a pretty song of the lines of "The Lost Chord," but not quite up to the mark of the model, written and composed by C. B. Barrington and Minnie Cochran (C. E. Godfrey).—A quaint old poem by Eliza Cook, "Ingle Side," has been fairly well set to music by Mary A. Duckham (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).—"Botschatter Walzer," by Henry Klein, are good specimens of their school (H. Klein).—The same praise may be accorded to "L'Etoile d'Amore Valse," by Cleo Fasoli (Messrs. Conrad Herzog and Co.).—Danceable but of a very ordinary type are "Sharp and Quick Galop," by "Devonia" (W. Williams), and "Nicotiana Valse," by "Ganymede" (Joseph Williams).



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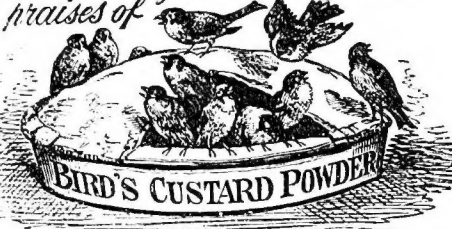
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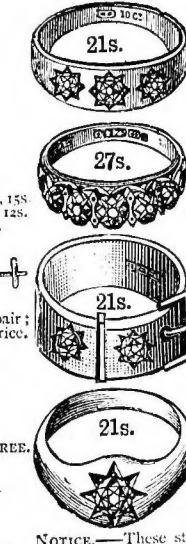
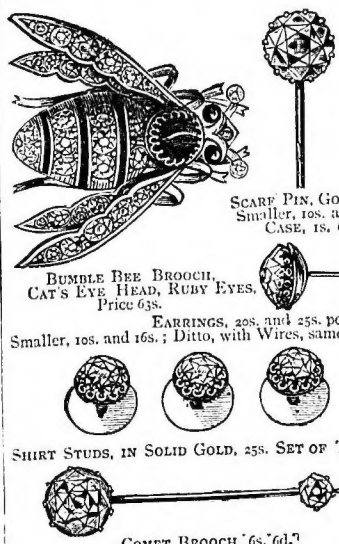
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The Brush (a facsimile of which appears in this Advertisement) will be sent securely packed in a handsomely illustrated box to any address on receipt of 12s. 6d. A smaller and less powerful brush of the same design, will be sent for 7s. 6d. DO NOT FAIL to send one to every friend or relative to whom you wish to make an acceptable gift. Send your remittance to us, together with the address of the friend or relative to whom you wish the Brush to be sent, or you can have the Brush delivered at your own house, if you prefer it; but whichever plan you adopt be sure that we receive your order during the coming week, otherwise we cannot guarantee to deliver by CHRISTMAS DAY. Last year we were so crowded with orders that many had to stand over until after the festival, and we wish to avoid a like contingency this year, so please help us by sending AT ONCE.

NOTE THE ADDRESS.

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**J. W. BENSON, maker of many of**  
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**HOARSENESS.**—All suffering from irritation  
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 soon, as similar troubles, if allowed to progress,  
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 See that the words "Brown's Bronchial Troches"  
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**WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO?**—Send name  
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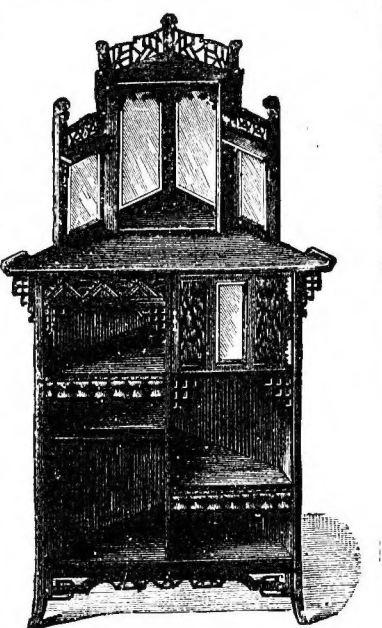
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**CHOLERA,**  
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We are, Sir, faithfully yours,  
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**CHLORODYNE.**—Vice-Chancellor Sir  
 W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court  
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 doubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne;  
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 —See the *Times*, July 13, 1884.

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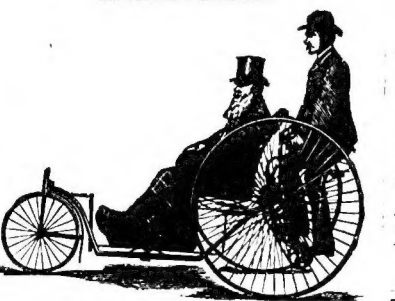
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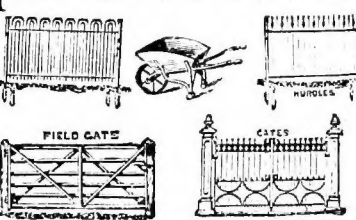
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